Best Morning Paper (Pearson's Daily) "The Express," ½d.

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No. 27. Vol. V.—January, 1901.

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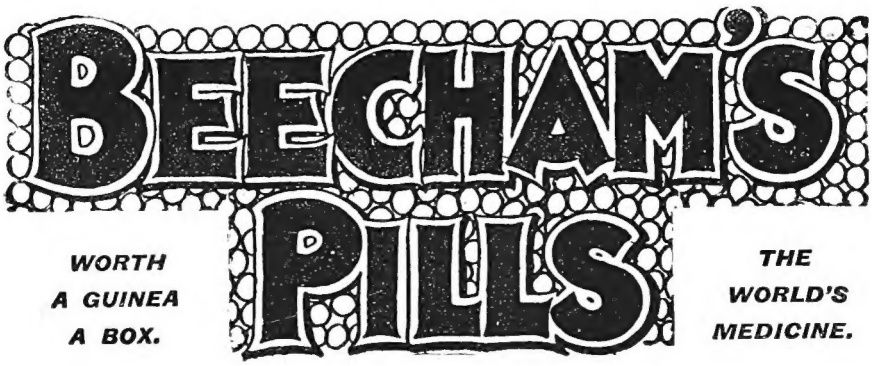
Have achieved the proud distinction of being what may be called a National Medicine. This has mainly been brought about by the British Householder—that clear-headed and deliberate individual whose judgment must be the ultimate foundation of all enduring reputation.



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SIX MILLION BOXES ARE SOLD ANNUALLY,

And wherever tried they have been adopted as the specific to be depended on for defeating those evils which usually assail health in our daily lives, and, if taken in time, they will ward off many a serious illness.

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TWO ROCKS.—'The bedrock of unflinching principle, and bedrock of illimitable COMMON SENSE.'—*Rosebery.*

'Let us have faith that makes right, and in that faith let us to the end DARE to do our DUTY as we UNDERSTAND IT.'—*President Lincoln.*

FOR SOME WISE CAUSE

IT IS THE LITTLE THINGS THAT RULE THIS LIFE,

OR, IN OTHER WORDS:—

'Sow an Act, and you Reap a Habit;
Sow a Habit, and you Reap a Character;
Sow a Character, and you Reap a Destiny.'

—THACKERAY.

'And such is human life, so gliding on;
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

MORAL:—

'In Life's PLAY the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to our cost that he never overlooks a Mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—*Huxley.*

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of TOO RICH FOODS, as PASTRY, SACCHARINE, and FATTY SUBSTANCES, ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, and an INSUFFICIENT AMOUNT of EXERCISE—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous: I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right.—Yours truly,

"————— (August 8th, 1900)."

THE WAR.—Extract from a letter received from a Corporal, 1st Rifle Brigade, Vaal Krantz Hill, Natal: "I am pleased to be able to tell you I am in excellent health, owing, I believe, to my taking 'Eno's Fruit Salt,' which I was able to buy some time back. It is very dear here, but I think the money well spent."—February 13th, 1900.

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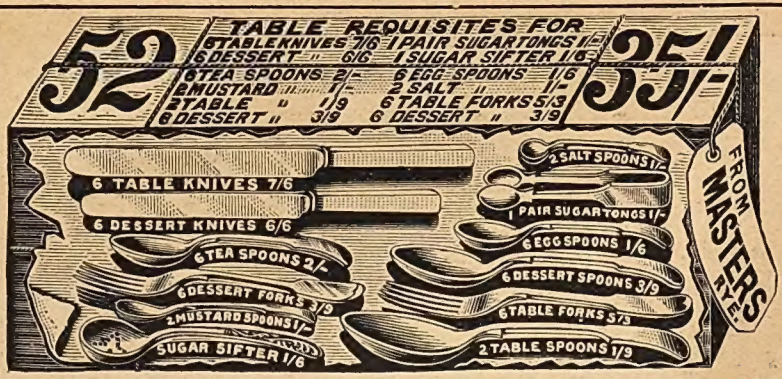

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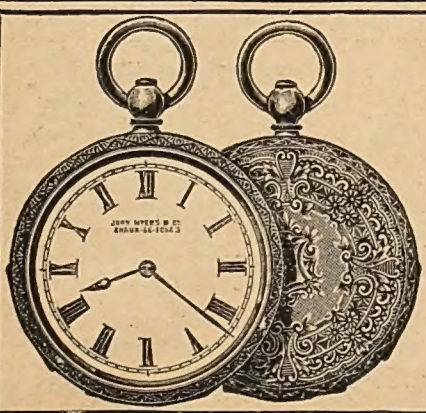

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AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL TO OBTAIN A BOTTLE OF THE FAMOUS KOKO FOR THE HAIR—SEE SPECIAL OFFER ON COUPON BELOW.

KOKO

FOR THE HAIR

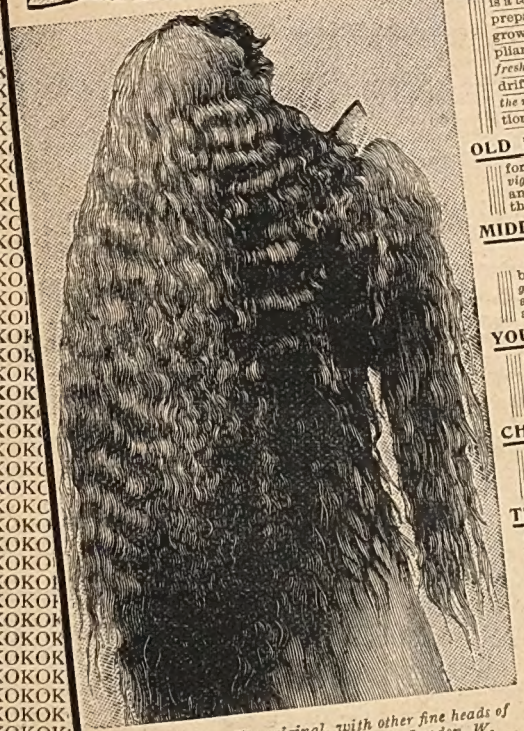

Photo from Life. The original, with other fine heads of hair, may be seen at 113, Regent Street, London, W.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation; causes the hair to grow *luxuriantly*, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the *lustre and freshness of youth*, eradicates dandriff, *prevents hair from falling*, is *the most cleanly* of all hair preparations, and is *perfectly harmless*.

OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT

for its wonderful power to *invigorate decayed hair*, and induce an entirely new growth when that is possible.

MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT

because it prevents *them from getting bald*, keeps dandriff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong.

YOUNG LADIES LIKE IT

as a dressing, because it gives the hair a *beautiful glossy lustre*, ensures a *luxuriant growth*, and enables them to dress it and keep it in any style that may be desired.

CHILDREN LIKE IT

because it keeps the hair and scalp cool and clean, *allays irritation*, and keeps the hair in whatever position desired.

THEY ALL LIKE IT

because it is as *pure as crystal*, perfectly colourless, contains no poisonous substance, no sugar of lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or grease, and does not soil or colour *the scalp, face, or the most delicate fabric in clothing*; produces a wonderfully pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and *no other dressing is needed* to give the hair the most beautiful appearance possible. Try it at once and you will use no other.

It contains no colouring matter or dye.

SPECIAL OFFER to those who have not yet tried KOKO.

A 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 2/-

Any person forwarding this Coupon and P.O. for Two Shillings, and Four Stamps to pay postage, packing, &c., will receive immediately for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, prepaid, **One Regular 12-oz. Bottle of Koko for the Hair**, the price of which is **4/6**, provided it is ordered within **ten days from the date of this offer.** In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same person on this Coupon, as we make the offer solely for trial, knowing it creates a demand when once used; and this large bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically **give away** one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. **Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.** Address all Orders with Coupons to the—

KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., Ltd., 16, Bevis Marks, London.

Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons, and if we are not the money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, BEVIS MARKS, E.C., or 113, REGENT STREET, W., and **2/-** only will be required when presented personally.

KOKO is sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c., at **2/6** and **4/6** per bottle. *For the sake of greater profit you may be asked to buy some other hair preparation instead; in justice to yourself and to us, kindly insist on having KOKO.*

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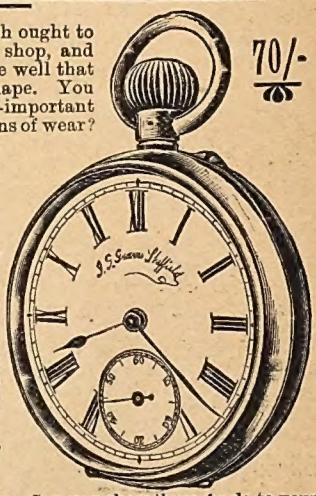
EXPLANATION OF THE SYSTEM.

The main idea of the System is that an article like a watch ought to be purchased with care and deliberation. You go into a hat shop, and select the hat you like, buy it, and walk away, knowing quite well that it is your own fault if you have brought the wrong size or shape. You can't do that with a watch; it may look all right, but the all-important point is: will it keep accurate time, and do it under all conditions of wear?

Now, J. G. Graves' System puts the buyer on absolutely safe ground; you send 7s. to start with, J. G. Graves will then forward . . . .



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You then test it, and, if satisfactory, you complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of 7s., or, if you prefer to remit the balance in one sum, you deduct 5 per cent. from the purchase price.

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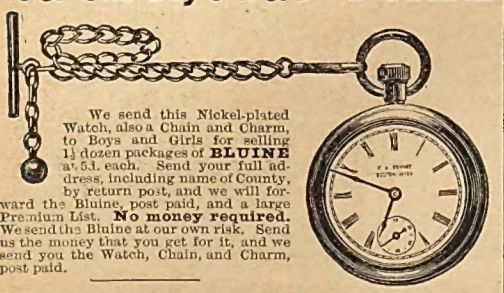

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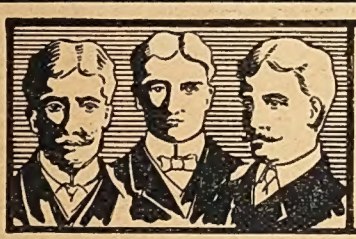

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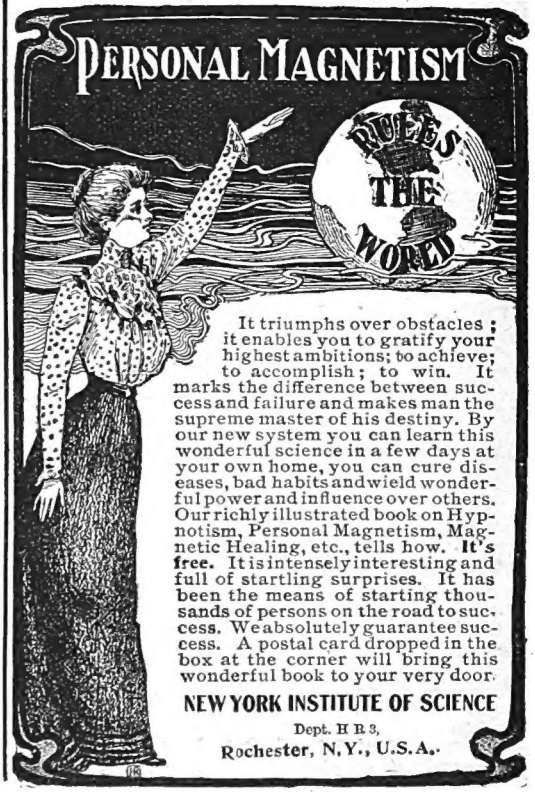

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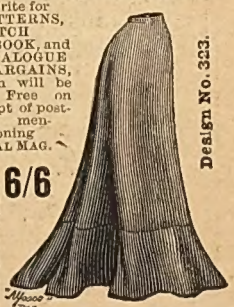

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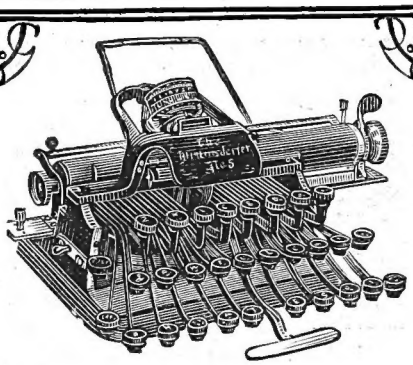

How They Get About!

Mr. T. C. COWEN, correspondent for The Times in Hong Kong, carried a BLICK all through the Chino-Japanese war, and did all his reports and letters to his paper on it. After this severe trial, he wrote:

"This Typewriter is a little beauty; can do six carbon copies, and the sixth is as good as the first . . . ; does much prettier work too. I had a 'Hammond,' and had a 'Remington,' and have tried lots of others, but prefer this infinitely—apart from the price."

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"It is, in spite of camel transport, dust, and hard work, still in good working order. Never has Typewriter been tried more severely."

Mr. LEROY PELLETIER, New York Times, special correspondent for the Klondike, writes in May, 1900:

"When the two other and larger machines were played out from rough usage and lack of care—something essential to such a trip—I wrote the letters for my brother correspondents on it." He ends his letter:—"You see the work it does is all right. It has never been repaired during the four years I have had it."

Lieut.-Gen. BADEN-POWELL is a confirmed user, and did all his work on one during the Mafeking siege. It might be thought that was because there was no other, but he has written since:

"I tried several kinds; finally I got a BLICK, and it has been of the greatest use to me, both in the train and in the field."

Mr. O. H. McCOWEN, LL.B., Rangoon, Burma, writes:

"I am greatly pleased with the machine, and have it in constant use when travelling. I have written several letters with it on my knees when in the train."

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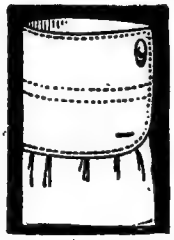

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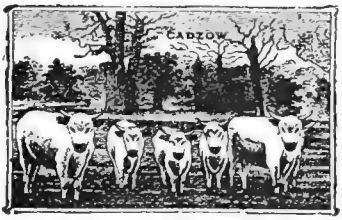
TRADE  MARK.

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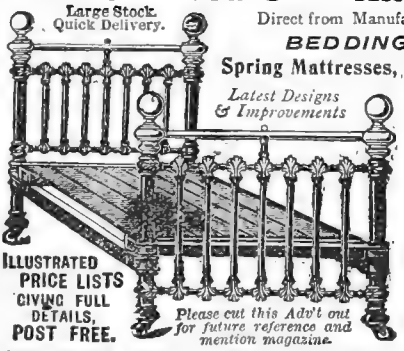

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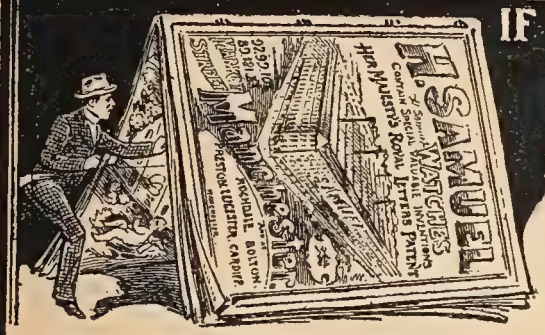

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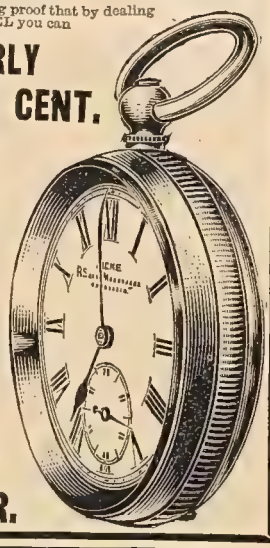

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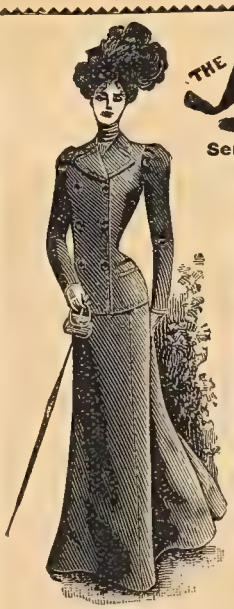

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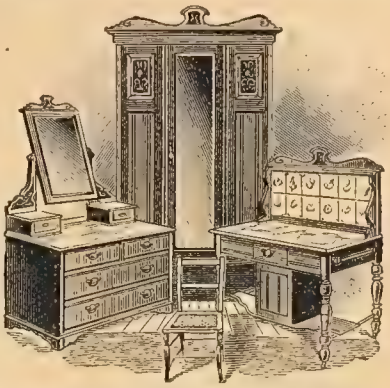

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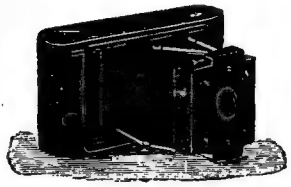

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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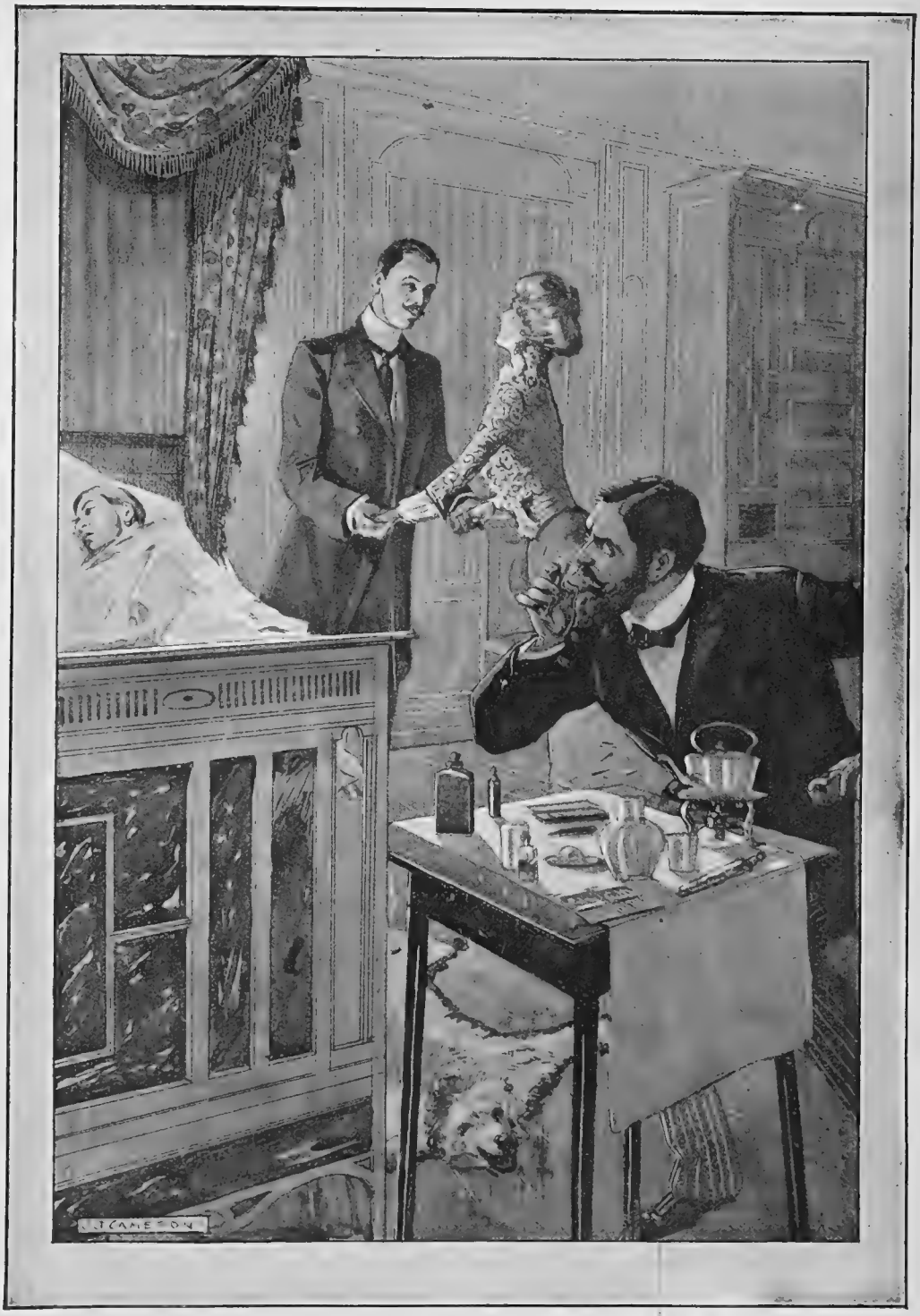

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Photo by C. Geniaux.

The Art of the Camera

By Roderick Grey.

Wet Weather. It would take a bold man to declare that we have had a fine summer. September was the only really decent month we had, but then September was no longer summer. I don't know anything about meteorological statistics, but I should imagine that very few summers have been much more consistently wet than the last.

Wet weather is fatal to the photographer, or nearly so. High wind is almost as bad, and, upon my word, during the summer when it was not raining it was generally blowing. Not but what there are, both with respect to rain and wind, qualifications to a wholesale condemnation. Some windy effects are very beautiful; but they are extremely difficult to achieve. All the more reason, perhaps, for achieving them. Generally speaking, the thing that wants a lot of doing is best worth doing.

Sunshine and Shower. A heavy, steady rain is—well, the photographer must shudder at the thought of it. But brief downfalls of rain, the weather of sunshine and shower, carries with it immense possibilities. The most commonplace scene may be converted into the truly picturesque by a little summer shower. The heavy dusty road, with its eternal glare, is softened into something approaching light and shade, whilst here and there and along the ruts are pools and streams of water that bear, each on its tiny surface, a reflection or gleam of light.

Of course, in so far as the picturesque effect is due to soft or vivid colouring, the photographer is helpless. In days to come perhaps he may be able to take photographs which reproduce

Photo by F. Ollo.

Feeding time.

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Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

A SWEET LITTLE LADY.

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every tint that Nature bears upon her wide mantle. But there is a very big "may" about it, and the photographer of to-day must rest content with a reproduction in monochrome.

Reflections. Yet photographs can be very beautiful and artistic. Moreover, they give infinite scope for the individual who can gauge accurately the composition of a picture. There is a great deal of art in adjusting a view or scene so that every detail of any reflection bears its own proper proportion.

Snapshots taken in a busy city thoroughfare immediately after a shower are often most effective. The flag-stones are here and there converted into perfect mirrors. Even the roadway is broken by high lights and reflections. I have seen pictures of the dullest and most unpromising street views look quite picturesque with the glow of sunshine on wet footpaths and road.

Painting Lantern Slides. The art of making good lantern slides may assuredly be included in the term Art of the Camera. In one respect I suppose no form of photography is capable of giving more extended pleasure than that of making good material for lantern entertainments.

The slides of to-day, as compared with the slides of a few years ago, are as different as chalk from cheese. Not only are they most excellent photographs in the matter of detail, but they are thoroughly up to date with respect to their subjects.

It may be of interest to some of my readers to know how to colour lantern slides with water colours. The film surface of the slide is first hardened with formaline or formaldehyde (one part to twenty of water), and, when dry, it is coated over with filtered albumen (white of egg and distilled water), to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. This surface, when dry, is capable of receiving the colours, which should be transparent, and mixed with the following medium when applied:—

Dissolve half an ounce of white gum arabic in just enough water to cover it. When the solution is complete, which takes some time and considerable stirring, strain it through coarse muslin, and add six to eight drops of pure glycerine and a piece of camphor the size of a pea.

The dry aniline colours adapt themselves

Photo by H. W. Cupeman.

At Eventide.

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Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

CARMEN.

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well to this method of colouring, which is also applicable to collodion or gelatine chloride prints.

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

Phyllis.

"The Miser."

"THE MISER," a story told in four beautiful photographs, shows how far flashlight photography can be made to go. Mr. Brightman, the photographer, gives us the following details concerning these fine pictures. "The old room in which the fireplace is situated is in the 'Polygon,' Clifton, and it struck me as being an ideal place for a ghost picture. I was nearly two years arranging everything, having had no little difficulty in obtaining a suitable model for the miser. At length the first exposure was made, the ghost being in the position shown in the picture! This was from a single magnesium lamp; the pure powder only being burnt. The ghost retired out of range of the lens, and the second exposure was made. This consisted of four 12-inch lengths of magnesium ribbon, suspended from nails on a board, and about ten acetylene gas burners, worked from a generator

Photo by John H. Coath.

Washing Day.

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Photo by H. E. Brightman.

The Miser.—Counting his gold.

behind the camera. These burners were arranged in a different position from the main source of light, in order to relieve the heavy shadows The time taken in exposure, including the period of darkness to enable the ghost to retire, was from fifteen to twenty seconds."

Mr. Brightman is most certainly to be

Photo by H. E. Brightman.

The Miser.—Panic seizes him.

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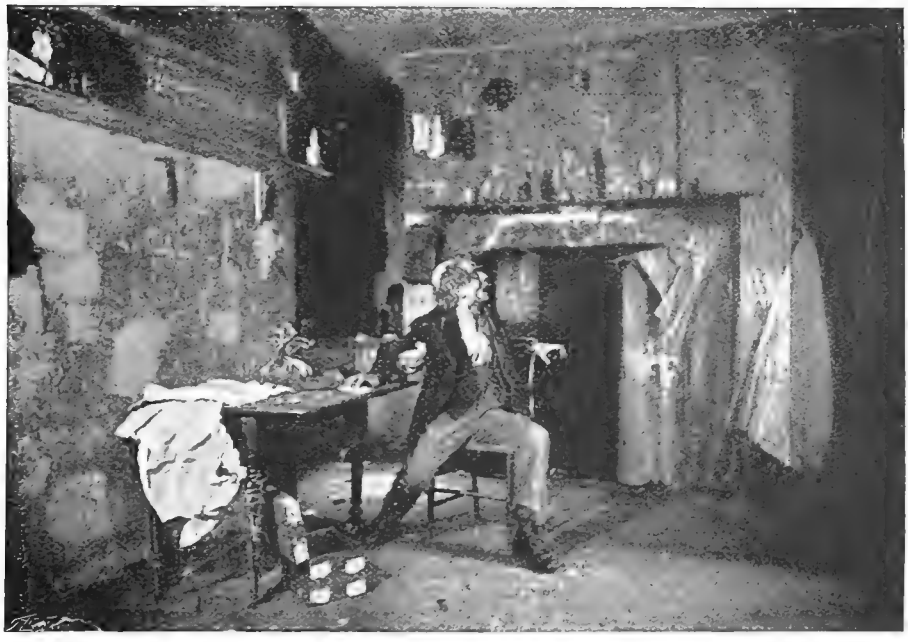

Photo by H. E. Brightman.

The Miser.—The approach of Death.

congratulated on his ingenuity and persistence. The pose of the miser, the surroundings and furniture of the room, and last, but not least, the eerie appearance of the ghost, are all perfect. Two years is a long time in which to prepare for a series of four photographs, but the magnificent result has certainly paid for the trouble taken.

Photo by H. E. Brightman.

The Miser.—The way of all flesh.

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A LIFE PRICE ONE SHILLING

A CHRISTMAS LOVE STORY.

By Alick Munro.

Illustrations by F. F. Cameron.

IT was Christmas Eve. The man in the dark doorway of the locked-up warehouse expected no dinner to-morrow, and had eaten none to-day. Yet he broke into a laugh.

"It's grim," he chuckled to himself. "Two years ago an Oxford undergraduate, and drank my beer out of silver! To-night—I haven't fourpence for a bed in a doss-house! There's a humour about it; but it's grim."

The town hall clock rang out the three-quarters, and was answered by the old church as by an echo. The man began to walk up and down between the silent warehouses.

"Another fifteen minutes," he mused, "and all the good people of this Christian land will be wishing one another 'A Merry Christmas.' Shall I wait for it? Yes, why not? I'll go into the crowd, and perhaps some idiot will wish *me* 'A Merry Christmas!' And after that—the canal or the railway? The canal will be cold, but the other's messy. Oh, the canal, decidedly!" And he laughed again.

Presently he got tired of his pacing, and crouched once more in the doorway.

"A year ago to-night," he went on, in the low, half-rambling whisper of a starving man, "I was dancing with Mabel. We sat out the last waltz before midnight, and she gave me a lecture, I remember. Well, I deserved it, and it did me good—for ten minutes! Some of us sat up in the smoking-room afterwards, though; and I don't remember how I got to bed!"

For the third time he laughed. But the laughter ended in a sob.

"What's the use of thinking of it all?" he cried. "I can't think; I won't think! I'll wait till the bells begin with their jangling 'Christians awake!' and then—I wonder whether drowning really is the painless death that people say it is. How do they know anyway? But it must be that; I can't face the other. To lay my head in front of a train—no, it's too gory, and hateful, and unclean; and some prowling signalman might see me, and run me in for loitering with intent to commit a felony. There would be a humour about that too, of course; but it would be ignominious. I won't risk it."

He crouched further into the doorway, and huddled closer to dodge the cold wind. Only ten minutes more to wait. With a savage resolve not to think, he told himself that he would wait in silence.

But he was weary with a long day of hungry tramping, and he fell asleep. A bright light flashing across his eyes woke him again with a sudden start. The biting wind was gone, and the stillness of a star-lit calm held the night. The gas lamps of Forster's Square still shone on the busy throng of Christmas bargain-hunters; but the hum of their voices and the rattle of the cabs had given place to a wonderful silence.

"Now then, young feller," said a rich bass voice, "this 'ere's not your private boodoir, you know."

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"All right, Robert," he answered resignedly. "I'll move on. I was merely closing my eyes for a moment. There's comfort in forty winks, as I daresay you've discovered more than once on your night beat."

The big policeman struck an attitude, undeniably stagey, and with a burly, thick-necked attempt at dramatic passion, said:

Comfort? Comfort scorned of devils! This is truth the poet sings:
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

The man in the doorway looked up with a very natural surprise.

"Hullo!" said he "Do they examine you in Tennyson for the Bradford police force? You know *Locksley Hall?*"

"No, can't say I do. Oh! you mean the poetry? Well, I 'eard the old gent as was talking to the young lady say them lines; and I thought I'd let you 'ave 'em too, especially as they seemed to come in 'andy after what you said about the forty winks."

"Handy!" laughed the starving man bitterly. "You don't know quite how handy they came in, Robert. If you had been listening to my thoughts—— But that doesn't matter; you spoke of an old gent and a young lady. What old gent spouts Tennyson in the Bradford streets at midnight on Christmas Eve? And what young lady listens to him?"

"The young lady as said I should find you in the doorway, and tipped me 'alf a dollar to bring you to her; and the old gent as was to wait for you both in a place 'e called the Back Quad," said the policeman stolidly. "Best come along with me, 'adn't you?" And he crooked a thick forefinger invitingly.

"Robert, you're talking the sheerest nonsense, aren't you? Have you been drinking? Or am I stark, raving mad?"

"Neither, sir," was the cheery answer. "At least, I go bail for myself; 'avn't tasted a drop!"

"Ah! then I *am* mad."

"You don't seem to be very vi'lent, sir," said Robert encouragingly. "But see here,"

The big policeman struck an attitude undeniably stagey.

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he added, with a sudden official gruffness, "the Bradford Corporation don't pay me for chatting with vagrants. You've got to come along with me."

"To the lock-up? What for?"

"No, you juggins, to the lady."

The young man nodded, and shuffled to his feet. He did not understand, but that was not worth bothering about. The act which was to have been done while the joy-bells were ringing could be done just as irrevocably an hour later. Meanwhile he might as well see who the lady was who employed a fifteen-stone Mercury in blue as her messenger.

They passed through a succession of empty streets lined by darkened warehouses, whose walls echoed their footsteps in the silence; then into a quarter of the town which the young man did not know; and then out again into streets and squares which he once knew. But how was this? These carven and crumbling buildings were surely not the smoke-grimed factories of Bradford's wealth! The vagrant rubbed his eyes, and looked around him. Then he turned to his strange guide, and asked:

"I say, Bobby, pin my arms if you think I'm dangerous—but isn't this Oxford? And isn't that the Martyrs' Memorial over there?"

"Well, I should say so! Wot did you think

He turned to the fire again, and his eye saw pictures of the past.

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it was?" was the answer; and the young man noticed that the policeman's voice had lost its rich, deep Yorkshire burr, and had taken on the thin twang of the South instead.

"Then we are in Oxford?" he repeated, while the bewildered wrinkles ran up his brow in ridges.

"Every time!" said the facetious constable. "Wot ju think?"

"Where are we going?"

"Down the Corn, up the 'Igh, round into Queen's Lane, and the young lydy a-wyting for you at the door. That's the programme. Come on!"

"What door?"

"Oho! As if you didn't know! Garn!" said the policeman. "But don't I tell yer to come on?" he added, laying a rough hand on his questioner's shoulder. "You know the 'Varsity rules; and we shall have to cut our sticks to get in before twelve as it is, with your moonin' and star-gazin'! Come on, I say!"

Together they made their way through the brilliantly lighted streets; and here, too, as in money-making Bradford, the townsfolk were marketing for the morrow. Instinctively the young man looked about him for the scurrying capped and gowned figures, running to reach the Porter's lodge before the last stroke of midnight. But they were not there. The crowd about him was the ordinary holiday crowd of a southern market town; to-night neither don nor undergraduate hurried through the familiar streets.

For it was Christmas, and so the 'Varsity was "down," and the townsfolk might lord it for a time in their own streets unchallenged.

"Now then, sir," said the policeman presently. "'ere we are. That's the door, but I don't see the young lydy. P'raps she's gone inside. 'Ere goes for knocking'!"

He lifted the heavy iron knocker, and the *rat-tat* echoed hollow through the empty cloisters within. There was the shuffle of quick steps approaching the door, a heavy key grated, and the door opened. It was the door of what had once been the young man's own college, and the face of the porter who stood aside to let him pass was familiar with the acquaintanceship of nearly four years.

"Lady and gentleman waiting to see you in your rooms, sir," said the porter, as he turned the heavy key again.

"Ah, thank you," said the young man; and then old custom awoke in him, and he asked, "Any letters for me?"

"No, sir."

"Well, good-night, porter."

Again the familiar phrase had come pat to his lips, like a habit of yesterday. And the answer was returned in the old, well-remembered tones:

"G'night, sir!" with the same unvarying intonation of the word "night."

Nothing at all was changed.

But the cloisters of the front quad as he passed through them were silent, dead, and dark; no steady glow shone from the window of the man who read; no loud laugh or snatch of song floated from the window of the man who rioted. The same air of forsaken gloom held the back quad, too, save in one place, where a pacing, uneasy shadow passed to and fro behind the lamp-lit blinds of a set of rooms in the far corner.

"A light in Number Three, two-pair back—my old rooms!" said the man. "And a lost soul doing sentry-go behind my red blinds! Well, I'll go up and chum with him."

He ran up the familiar staircase. The gas jets were not lighted, but he did not need them; he knew his way. He opened the door and stood on the threshold. A girl ran forward to meet him, holding out both her hands, and crying:

"Charlie!"

"Mabel, you here!" he faltered. "But how—what——? I don't understand," he finished tremulously.

"I have waited for you," the girl told him. "Come and sit down. I want to talk."

"But—but—you said you wished never to see me again."

"I know, Charlie, but——"

"And so I went to the devil!"

He threw himself into a chair by the fire, laid his head in his hands, and gazed into the dancing flames. The girl came behind him, and smoothed the tangled curls on his forehead. It was a caress of the old days, and the outcast winced under it.

"Charlie?" she said in a low tone.

"Well?"

"Is that quite true?"

He seized the gentle caressing hand, and looked up into her eyes.

"No," he said. "And I was a cad to say it."

"I didn't send you away, you know, until——"

"Until I had proved, a hundred times over, that I had gone to the devil already. Yes, I know."

"Well, I want you to come back."

He turned to the fire again, and his eye

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saw pictures of the past, moving, panorama-like, in the glowing coals. Some of the scenes which the fire showed him brought the hot blood of shame to his cheeks; and there was hardly one of all the gallery that he would have been willing for the girl at his side to see.

"Charlie," she whispered again, "won't you come back?"

"Can I?" he laughed. "Does the devil give up his prizes, then? I never heard it."

"On this one night of the year—he does—he must," said the girl gravely. "You can be a man again, if you will. And is it nothing," she added with a little quiver of the voice, "that I am here to help you to try?"

"Why did you come?" he demanded heavily.

"Perhaps because, in spite of everything, I still believe in you; perhaps because this is the season of all forgiveness; perhaps——" she paused, and then went on steadily, "because I still love you."

A short sob from the crouching figure in the chair was her answer. His ill-clad shoulders shook under her hand, but she went on bravely:

"You used to tell me that you loved me, Charlie; and I loved to hear the words from your lips. I should love to hear them again."

The young man raised his head, and gazed upon her with a look that seemed almost frightened.

"I can't say them now," he told her slowly.

The girl shrank back a little, but returned again and laid her hand upon the hot brow that was lifted to meet her touch.

"Would they not be true?" she asked softly.

"True?" he cried. "Truer than ever! truer than ever now! It's not that."

"Then say them," she bade him.

But his tortured mind showed him again the pictures which the fire held. He saw his college rooms, the same rooms in which he was sitting and suffering now, filled with a crowd of noisy and bibulous roysterers, and himself the noisiest and most reckless of them all. He saw scenes of the days after he had been sent down from the University—scenes where the actors were less reputable than the crowd of careless boys who had rioted with him at Oxford, and where vice was no longer merely reckless, but deliberate and sordid; and here again he saw himself the acknowledged leader. Wasted days, and nights worse than wasted; chances of success in life thrown, with an empty and fatuous laugh, into the gutter for fools to trample; brilliant abilities—for he knew that he could have been brilliant, had he willed it—frittered away in trivialities, or drowned in excesses which were not trivial; the fire held all the pitiless record.

But the bitterest picture to his memory was that one in which he saw himself pleading for mercy to the girl whose love he had won, and whose respect he had lacked the common manhood to keep. He saw the sweet lips quiver again, as they told him with a gentle, reluctant scorn—aye! for his torture, a reluctant scorn—that she dared not link her life with such a one as he. And he heard himself swear to her, with a gulp and a choke which at the time had not shamed him, that he would do better.

But the fire spared him nothing; for it showed him, too, in what manner he had kept that oath.

As he sat and stared at the record of his worthlessness, he felt the girl's caressing touch again on his brow, smoothing the furrows of his self-scorning anguish; and her voice came again to his ears, softly bidding him say the words she was longing to hear. He pointed to the fire, as though she, too, could read in the embers the accusation which it hurled at him; and he answered wildly:

"I can't, I can't! They would be an insult. You don't know!"

"I know," she said—and a sad little smile played about her lips—"that my poor black sheep is very black indeed. But I know, too, that if I love him, and he loves me, the blackness does not matter. Oh, Charlie, you men never will see that a woman's love can conquer everything, and pardon everything, in the man she loves! Say that you love me, Charlie!"

He raised his hand, with a ridiculous and yet pathetic gesture of earnestness, and said:

"I love you, Mabel! With all the strength of my miserable, dishonoured soul, I love you! But I can never——"

"Oh, there's no 'but,' Charlie."

"Wait," he said, "there is. Do you know what I meant, what I mean still, to do before the dawn of to-morrow? I mean to end an existence which has been a failure. I mean to throw away a life which is useless."

"No," she said softly, "don't do that! Sell it to me."

"My life?"

"Yes. I will pay your price. I will find

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a use for the thing which you call useless. What is your price?"

"What if I were to say 'your love'?" he asked eagerly; and then, with a swift recoil of shame, scorned himself for daring to so voice his thought.

The girl shook her head, but the tears were in her eyes as she answered:—

"You would make me a bankrupt. I couldn't pay; because, silly boy, you have that already. Ask something else."

"A shilling! My queen's shilling!" he cried with a reckless laugh. "I sell my life to you for a shilling, my queen! And that's elevenpence three-farthings more than it's worth!"

She took out her purse, and held up the coin.

"Charlie," she said, "you remember what we used to say in the nursery? Honest Injun?"

"Honest Injun, Mabel," he answered gravely, as he took the shilling. "What are you going to do with your purchase?"

"I shall give it back to you."

"I won't have it!"

"You must."

"Then I shall throw it away. I told you I meant to, you know."

"Ah! Then I won't give it," said the girl. "I'll lend it to you instead; and you must use it for me. Honest Injun, remember!"

She bent down suddenly and kissed his forehead. The kiss was the sealing of a compact. Then she ran to the door and opened it.

"Mabel," he cried, "don't leave me!"

"Oh, I must, you know," she answered gaily. "I couldn't stay here, could I? Besides, your uncle is waiting for me in the quad, and the poor man will be cold. Good-night, Charlie—and—a merry Christmas!"

She was gone. The young man sank back into his chair and gazed once more at the fire. And the fire, as is the duty of fires, again showed him pictures in its embers. But this time the scenes were not discoloured daubs, drawn from a shameful past; for the fire was in a mood of mercy, and drew pictures of a future in which love and honour and happiness had been regained. And the kindly fire hinted, moreover, that the dreamer's own will had earned the blessings which it showed.

"Well," he said with a nod to the fire, "I will earn them. I have taken my Queen's shilling, and my Queen said Honest Injun—it shall be Honest Injun!"

At this the fire winked at him knowingly, and showed him more pictures. And as he gazed, he planned and thought, and made a resolve; and his faded manhood

She ran to the door and opened it. "Mabel," he cried, "don't leave me!"

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grew strong again with the resolve that he made. . . .

Presently a rough hand shook him by the shoulder, and a voice—the same voice he had heard a long while ago—said gruffly:

"Now then, young feller, this 'ere's not your private boodoir, you know."

He jumped to his feet and rubbed his eyes. The college rooms were gone, the basket-chair was gone, and the fire was gone. The porch of the darkened warehouse was over his head; the lights of Forster's Square were shining in the distance; and the great bells of the Bradford Town Hall were ringing out their summons: "Christians, awake!"

"Robert," he said to the policeman, "you made that remark to me before, you know. But you and I have been a longish jaunt since then."

"Never spoken to you before," laughed the policeman. "Don't know as I ever see'd you before. Aven't the honour! 'Wake up, sir, do! 'Tain't warm enough for sleeping out."

"Ah, but I had a fire!"

"'Ad you, now? Must 'ave dreamed it, I fancy! Was it warm?"

"Very. So warm that I don't feel cold even now, though you say I've been sleeping on that step and in this bitter wind. By the way, a merry Christmas, Robert!"

"Merry Christmas, sir! Are you rich enough to leave that shilling lying there? 'Cos if you are, I'm not."

"What shilling?"

"There's a shilling on the step where you've been sitting."

"Why, so there is! And what's perhaps stranger—I believe it's my shilling! I believe, Robert, that I have sold myself to-night, body and soul, for that shilling."

"Hope the devil got a good bargain!" laughed the constable. "He bought cheap enough."

"You would have asked more?"

"Catch me! If the devil wants me, he'll have to show me more than a miserable bob."

"But how if it wasn't the devil at all? How if it was an angel?"

"Oh! an angel?"

"I believe it was an angel, Robert!"

"A precious stingy angel!" said Robert.

"She gave me full value—more than full value."

"I hope she did! Well, good-night, sir; and if you'll take my tip, angels or no angels, you won't go falling asleep in the streets on a cold Christmas Eve. It's bad for the 'ead; shocking bad!" And with a loud laugh at his own wit the policeman passed on.

The young man sat on the warehouse steps a little longer, and grew cold again. The reality of waking life was upon him once more; for the gale of the December night gusted about his half-clad body, and his gnawing hunger was still unsatisfied. But his misery of despair was gone, for an angel had come to him as he slept, and had made a bargain with him. And in virtue of that bargain, he was a man again.

Then, had a dream, he wondered, a phantasm of his mind, born of fasting and weakness, really had the power to work this change in him? Was the shilling, for which he thought he had bartered for all time his right to do ill in the world, no more than a chance find in a doorway? It might be so, but he did not care; for the resolve which he had made while he slept, he meant to keep now that he was awake. The past, which the fire had shown him, was dead; and the future, which began from this moment, was his to paint as he pleased. He smiled as he thought how small his stock of colours was, but then he told himself bravely that there was the shilling, and his resolve! These two would be enough.

Presently, as he sat and planned, he heard a sound, which rose and fell, and came nearer. It was the sound of a child sobbing, and soon the shivering little figure came opposite to him.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "*You* don't seem to be having a merry Christmas, youngster."

The girl—she seemed scarcely more than eleven years old—held a pinched face up to him, and whined:

"I'm cold, and I'm hungry, and I'm tired—oh! so hungry."

"Well, I'm hungry, too, and—yes, I'm beginning to feel cold now. What do you say to hot potatoes?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the child, drying her eyes at the thought. "But I haven't a penny to buy them," she added at once, in the doleful whine of the street beggar.

"I have, though. At least, I've a shilling. There's a potato stall opposite the Midland Station. Come along, youngster."

He took the little girl's hand, and led her into the crowd in Forster's Square. He found the potato engine, and demanded to be supplied with fourpence-worth of the hottest and mealiest. The man wished him a merry Christmas, and he returned the greeting heartily. He could not have done that an hour ago.

The hot food put new courage into him,

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and the thought of suicide rose to his mind only as a past madness, to be laughed at now. But was the virtue all in the food? He did not know; but I think that the virtue was in the shilling.

"A merry Christmas, Charlie!"

He turned round, and saw an old gentleman holding out his hand.

"Hullo, uncle! A merry Christmas! You kicked me out of the house the last time I saw you."

"I did, Charlie, and I'm sorry. Who's the child?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. She's hungry."

"And you're feeding her. Can you afford it?"

"I have a shilling—no, eightpence now."

"And that's the way you spend it!" said the old gentleman kindly. "Look here, it's Christmas time; shall we let byegones be byegones? Come home with me and make a fresh start. Mabel sent me out to find you."

"She did! How did she know——?"

"That I should find you? Don't know. She said she was sure, and so I came. I'd been reading Tennyson, you see; and something in the poetry made me think of you, and wonder what sort of a time you were having. I was afraid you couldn't be enjoying life much."

"I wasn't. I was thinking of the most painless way of ending it," was the answer. "But was it, by any chance *Locksley Hall* that you were reading?"

He turned round and saw the old gentleman holding out his hand.

"Yes, and when I came to those lines about comfort——"

"My God, it's strange!"

"What's strange, Charlie?"

"Oh nothing! Yes, uncle, I'll come with you, of course. And uncle, I've sold my life to-night for a shilling, and Mabel has bought it, so it's all right. No, I'm not mad; I'm only rather absurdly happy. Have some more potatoes, youngster. No? Had enough? Then here's the change of the shilling for you—all except one halfpenny; I'll keep that, and wear it on my watch chain—when next I possess a watch. Good-night, youngster, and a merry Christmas!"

"A merry Christmas, sir," said the little girl; "and I'll ask the good angels to bless you!"

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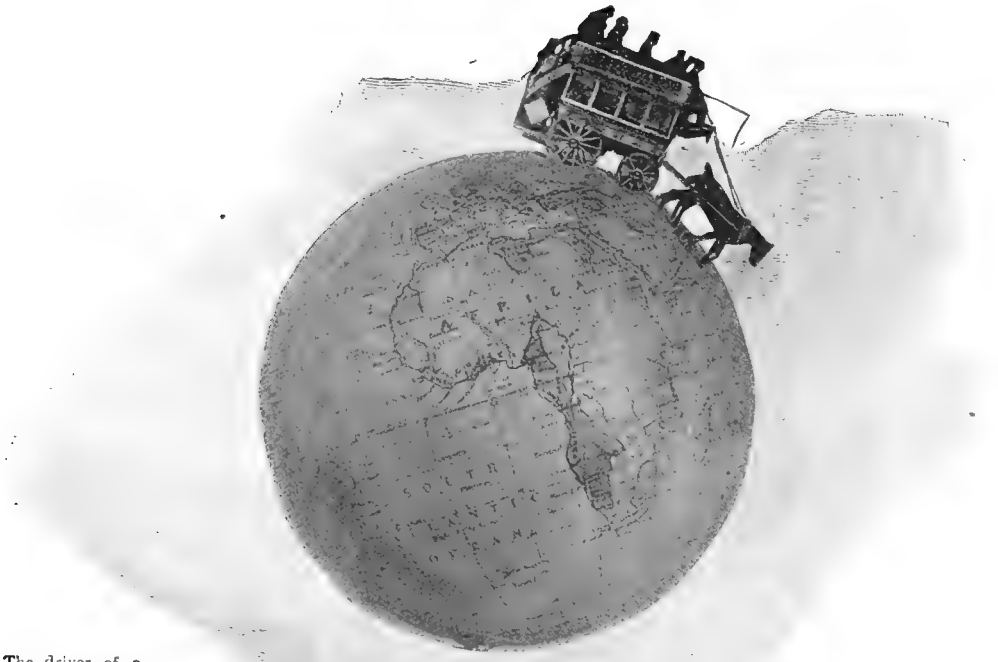


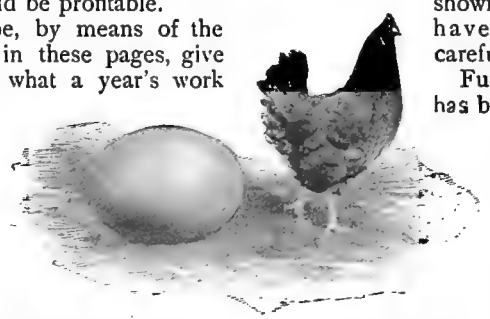
The driver of a London 'bus carries, on an average, ten persons at any given moment, and in the course of a year drives his 'bus a distance equal to the circumference of the Earth.

THE YEAR'S WORK.

By P. W. Everett, F.S.S.

Within the limits of a comparatively short article it is, of course, absolutely impossible to carry the reader through every conceivable occupation in life, and work out in his or her company the year's output of the average person, no matter what his trade or profession may be. It would be a year's work for anyone to do this, and I am not the one to say that a year so spent would be profitable.

However, I can, I hope, by means of the illustrations reproduced in these pages, give some little conception of what a year's work really means in certain representative occupations in life. In some cases the work done in a year may seem small, but in others it will probably be a matter of astonishment that so much can be accomplished by a single individual in what, after all, is a comparatively short space of time.



The eggs which a hen lays in the course of a year are shown all rolled into one. The illustration might also have portrayed the brood of ten or a dozen chickens which she hatches out!

There is little to say in the way of explanation of the illustrations which appear on this and the following pages. The greatest care has been taken to obtain reliable information for the various calculations involved, and the comparative figures, shown in the illustrations, have been photographed carefully to scale.

Furthermore, no attempt has been made to exaggerate the contrasts, either by making the comparisons in linear instead of cubic measurement, or by unfairly calculating a year's work as the produce of a *record* day's work multiplied by 365. Allowance

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has been made for holidays and Sundays, and the calculations have been based upon the work of the ordinary individual—not of the record breaker.

The aim of the article and the illustrations is to show "the average output of the average man"—the phrase being used generically to include such widely varying kinds of work as 'bus-driving, baking, cycling, and even—by stretching a point—a hen's work in laying eggs and rearing chickens—and the results are surely sufficiently interesting without any artificial exaggeration.

The illustrations embrace the annual output of a 'bus-driver, a waitress, a hen, a policeman, a bowler, a barber, a baker, a manuscript reader, a lift attendant, and a cigarette roller, and under each picture full details of the particular work illustrated are given. Space is limited, otherwise this list could have been extended to any desired extent, and a correspondingly increased number of illustrations might have overflowed these pages.

Work is so comprehensive a subject. To you, we hope, it is a pleasure to look through the pages of this magazine, to the editor it is his occupation in life—his *work* to prepare it for your enjoyment. You, perhaps, find recreation in reading a novel; to the "reader" at a big publishing house it is his *work* to read an unlimited number of novels. To most people in health eating and drinking are pleasant, but to the professional taster of foods, or to a wine-connoisseur or tea-taster, these necessary operations become merely laborious.

"What is one man's meat is another man's poison" might, with perfect truth, be adapted to:

"What is one man's pleasure is another man's work."

To the man who has nothing to do, it is a work to do nothing, and I do not doubt for one moment that the unfortunate individuals, whom we are inclined to envy because they have nothing else to do than enjoy themselves, are really working, in their own way, just as hard as anyone else.

Probably we all have friends or acquaintances who never do a stroke of work (in the common acceptance of the term) from one year's end to the other, but if you were bidden next year to change places with any one of them, would you be pleased at the prospect? I fancy not.

The fact of the matter is, that every occupation in life, be it physical or mental exertion, recreation, or the earning of one's daily bread, is work or pleasure according to the mood of the person so engaged.

According to the best scientific authorities and practical experts, an average man in good health should be capable of expending in one day 300 foot-tons of energy—or, to put this statement into less technical language, he should be able to lift 300 tons' weight of material one foot from the ground. It is, of course, assumed that the man would have proper conveniences for dealing with this large mass. His duty would simply be to lift the material, not to dispose of it in heaps or load it on carts afterwards. This is a day's work. To arrive at the year's work of the average labourer the 300 foot-tons will have to be multiplied by 300—the remaining sixty-five days of the year not being taken into consideration

In the course of a year a barber's work concentrated would clip a head of this enormous size.

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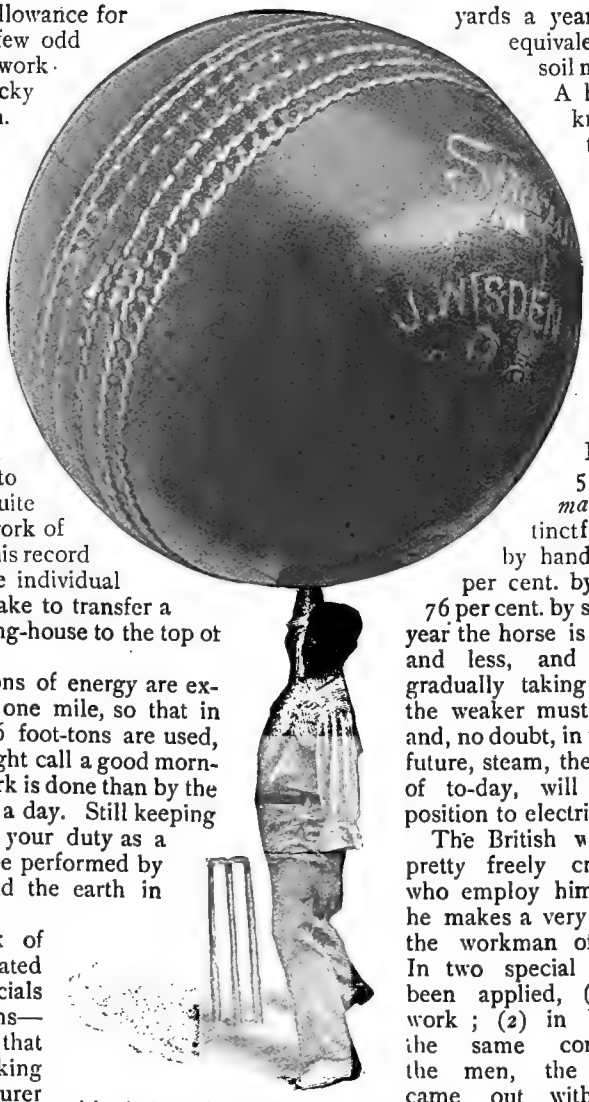
in order to make allowance for Sundays and the few odd holidays which the working man is lucky enough to obtain. Thus the year's work of a single individual reaches the enormous total of 90,000 foot-tons. It is rather difficult to give any adequate idea of what this amount of energy really represents. To lift a railway truck full of coal nearly two miles into the air would not quite exhaust the year's work of one man, while for his record year's task the same individual might easily undertake to transfer a decent-sized dwelling-house to the top of St. Paul's.

Seventeen foot-tons of energy are expended in walking one mile, so that in eighteen miles 336 foot-tons are used, and in what one might call a good morning's walk more work is done than by the average labourer in a day. Still keeping the same standard, your duty as a working man will be performed by walking once round the earth in two years.

The day's work of the convict is calculated by the prison officials to be 310 foot-tons—rather more than that of the average working man; the dock-labourer is worked still harder, his daily output being reckoned at 325 foot-tons; a very hard worker will do 400 foot-tons in a day, but probably would not maintain such a high average for long.

In the army, the untrained soldier, it is estimated, will excavate one cubic yard per hour for four hours at a stretch in fairly easy soil, but if the work necessitate the use of the pickaxe, he would take half as long again over the same task.

A soldier, then, who was put on entrenching work for a year would excavate at the rate of 2 cubic yards a day, or 600 cubic yards a year; this would be equivalent to a cube of soil more than 25ft. high. A horse, as everyone knows, is reckoned to do the work of ten men. An idea can thus at once be formed of the work which a horse could do in a year. In this connection it is rather interesting to note that at the present time in the United Kingdom less than 5 per cent. of the *manual* work, as distinct from mental, is done by hand power, about 19 per cent. by horse power, and 76 per cent. by steam power. Every year the horse is being utilised less and less, and steam power is gradually taking its place. Well, the weaker must go to the wall; and, no doubt, in the not very distant future, steam, the triumphant power of to-day, will have to cede its position to electricity.



A bowler in regular play will bowl as many as 15,000 balls in a year. The illustration represents all these balls as one big ball, and shows the famous Middlesex professional, J. T. Hearne, in the act of delivering his season's work.

The British workman has been pretty freely criticised by those who employ him, but for all that he makes a very good show against the workman of other countries. In two special tests which have been applied, (1) in excavating work; (2) in bricklaying, under the same conditions for all the men, the British workman came out with flying colours. Here is the table, in which the work done in a given time by our own countrymen was taken as the unit.

Race of Workmen.	Amount of work done in a given time.
British	1
French, Belgian, German	·75 — ·90
Russian	·70 — ·85
South Europeans	·60 — ·80
Hottentots and Half Breeds	·50 — ·80
Kaffirs, Zulus, etc.	·40 — ·70
Superior Indian Races	·40 — ·70
Inferior Indian Races	·25 — ·40

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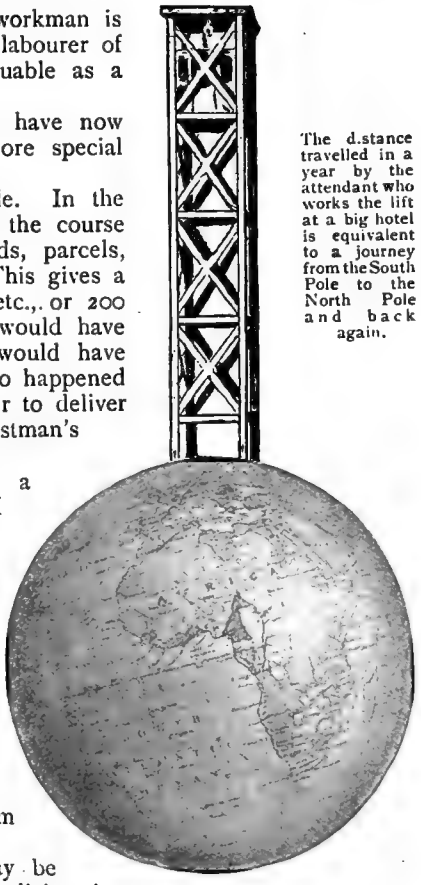
From this table it will be seen that the British workman is from 10 per cent. to 25 per cent. better than the labourer of any other nationality, and is at least twice as valuable as a member of any of the coloured races.

Perhaps sufficient particulars of a general nature have now been given, and it will be interesting to turn to more special details.

The work of the postman is rather remarkable. In the United Kingdom there are 60,000 postmen, and in the course of a year close upon 3,600,000,000 letters, post-cards, parcels, circulars, boxes, and newspapers are delivered. This gives a yearly average to each postman of 60,000 letters, etc., or 200 per day. Of course, in a big town each postman would have a far heavier delivery, whilst the rural postman would have considerably less. In fact, in one country district, it so happened that on one particular day the postman had no letter to deliver at all! In London, 5,000 letters a day is the postman's average delivery.



The distance travelled in a year by the attendant who works the lift at a big hotel is equivalent to a journey from the South Pole to the North Pole and back again.

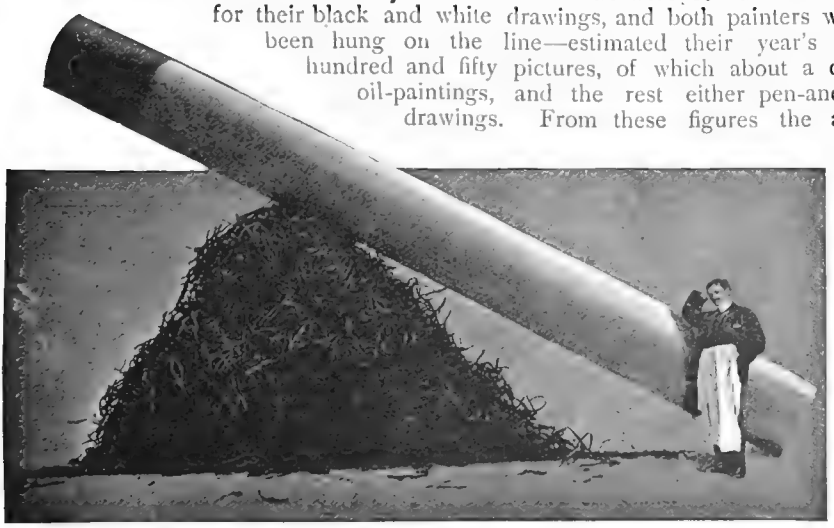
A professional cyclist will travel 15,000 miles a year—one of the least interesting kinds of work, I should imagine, especially where the greater portion is done on a circular track.

The average bookwriter may be safely depended upon to turn out 5,000 words a day, or 1,500,000 a year. One million and a half words a year! Enough to fill ten novels of the usual length!

A ticket issuer at one of the great railway termini tells me that, with one assistant, he issues 65,000 tickets a month to the value of £2,200, of which 900 are first class, 6,850 second class, and 57,250 third. Over three-quarters of a million tickets a year is a goodly sum total to be issued from one ticket office.

The dispensing chemist, with a fair business, may be reckoned upon to turn out 15,000 bottles of medicine in a year, whilst a butcher will kill and dress 1,000 bullocks, or 1,500 sheep, in the same time.

It is rather hard, perhaps, to judge an artist by the number of square feet of canvas which he covers in a year, but, whether his work be good or bad, this is really a very fair test of his industry. Two artists who were consulted—both well-known for their black and white drawings, and both painters whose work has been hung on the line—estimated their year's output at one hundred and fifty pictures, of which about a dozen would be oil-paintings, and the rest either pen-and-ink or wash drawings. From these figures the area of canvas



An expert cigarette roller turns out 9,000 cigarettesa week, or, in a year, enough to fill a cigarette shaped case 20ft. in length. A machine will roll cigarettes at the rate of 500 a minute, and if working, say, twelve hours a day, and six days a week, would turn out over 2,000,000 a week, thus doing the work of over 200 men!

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A waitress at a popular refreshment café sells 30,000 pots of tea in a year, besides 27,000 "rolls and butters," 10,000 slices of cake, 25,000 eggs, and 25,000 cups of coffee. She is one of the most hard-worked of mortals, don't you think?

or cardboard annually covered by each artist works out at about four hundred square feet.

A bricklayer should lay from 600 to 800 bricks a day, or, say, 200,000 in a year—enough to build two good-sized residences such as you may see by the dozen in any fairly fashionable suburb.

The typist who is condemned to decipher and transcribe manuscripts from one year's end to the other will average about forty words a minute, or in a year of 300 days, of eight hours each, 5,760,000 words. Reduced to a practical statement, this represents 57 novels type-written by one person as a result of a year's work (reckoning as of average length a book of 100,000 words).

The driver of a passenger train can look back with as much pride as anybody upon his year's labours. Successfully to drive a train, carrying, perhaps, on an average, 100 passengers, and weighing hundreds of tons, 100,000 miles, or four times round the Earth, in the course of twelve months at express speed is a triumph of skill and clearheadedness—especially when one remembers that for the greater part of the journey the train is travelling at fifty or sixty miles an hour, and that stops and signals have to be negotiated. Yet this is done, and more, by many engine-drivers.

The poor, unfortunate proof reader, who will be held responsible for any "printers' errors" in these pages, reads about 15,000 words an hour, or 120,000 a day, or 36,000,000 a year. He is to be pitied, and so, too, I am sure will your own good self be an object of pity if I inflict any more of these bewildering calculations upon you.

For you can do them so easily for yourself. Supposing all the repetitions during the year of any one of those trivial actions which

On a fruitful beat in a large town a policeman will run in sixty persons during the year, but in the worst districts the average will rise to as much as 300; whereas in a more lonely or respectable neighbourhood the average may fall to one arrest per year for each policeman. The general London average is ten.

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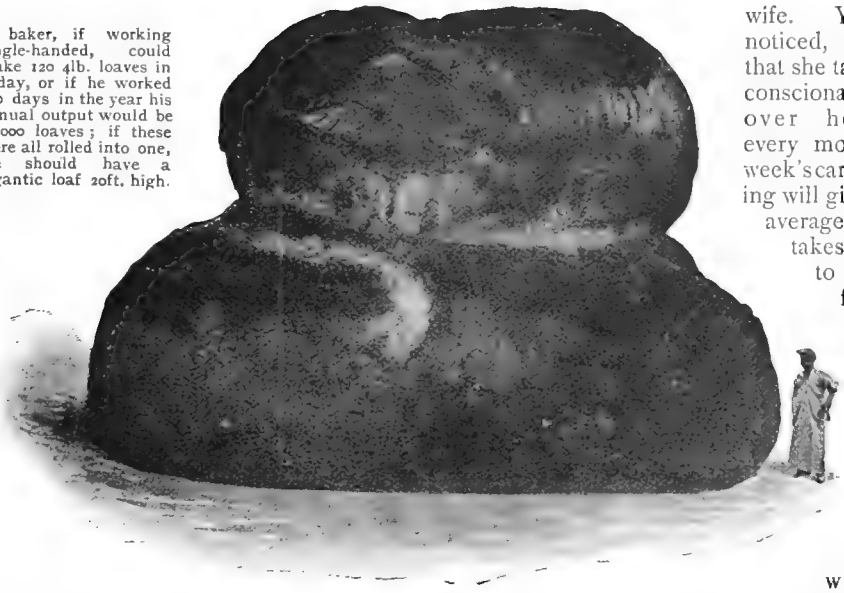
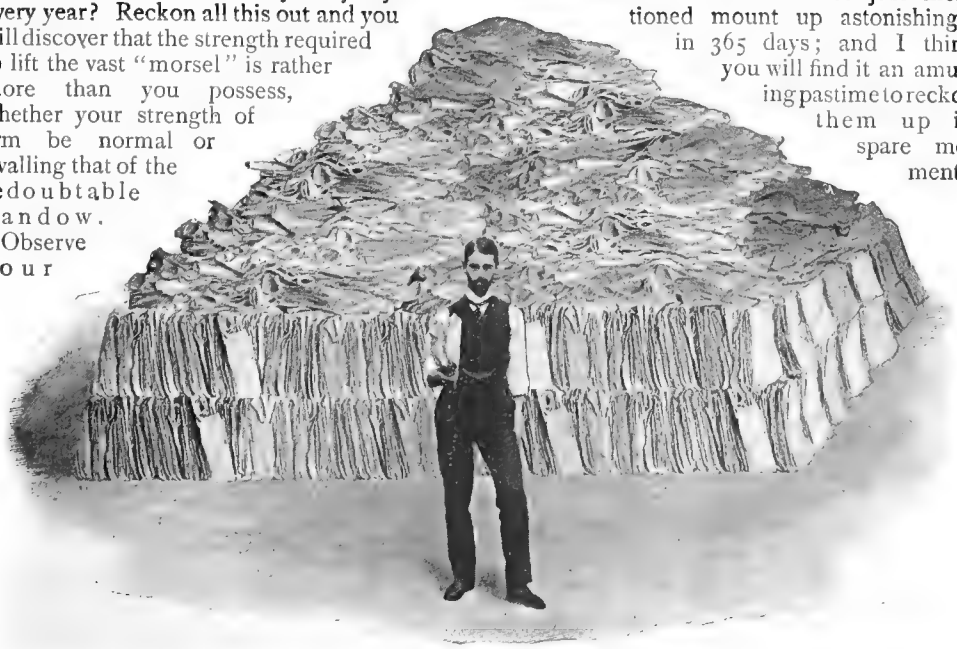


A baker, if working single-handed, could make 120 4lb. loaves in a day, or if he worked 300 days in the year his annual output would be 36,000 loaves; if these were all rolled into one, we should have a gigantic loaf 20ft. high.

make so large a part of the life of each of us were rolled into one, what strength exactly would a man need to perform it in a single effort? Take an instance: the raising of a morsel of food from your plate to your mouth. What is the weight of an average mouthful? On an average how many mouthfuls do you take at each meal? how many every day?—every year? Reckon all this out and you will discover that the strength required to lift the vast "morsel" is rather more than you possess, whether your strength of arm be normal or rivalling that of the redoubtable Sandow.

Observe your wife. You have noticed, doubtless, that she takes an unconscionable time over her toilet every morning. A week's careful watching will give you the average time she takes to finish to her satisfaction this important operation. Then make your little calculation, and show it her when she boasts of being the busiest person in creation, and of having not a moment to spare for anything approaching frivolity.

The amount of work involved in putting on one's boots, in poking the fire, in brushing one's hair, or in washing one's hands, would be unbelievable if stated baldly. Indeed, all trivial actions like those just mentioned mount up astonishingly in 365 days; and I think you will find it an amusing pastime to reckon them up in spare moments.



Our chief MSS. reader has been kind enough to give us particulars for this illustration. He calculates that he reads 80 MSS. a day—or 24,000 a year. If each of these MSS.—stories, articles, poems, or whatever they may be—averaged 1,000 words in length, the total number of words read would reach 24,000,000!

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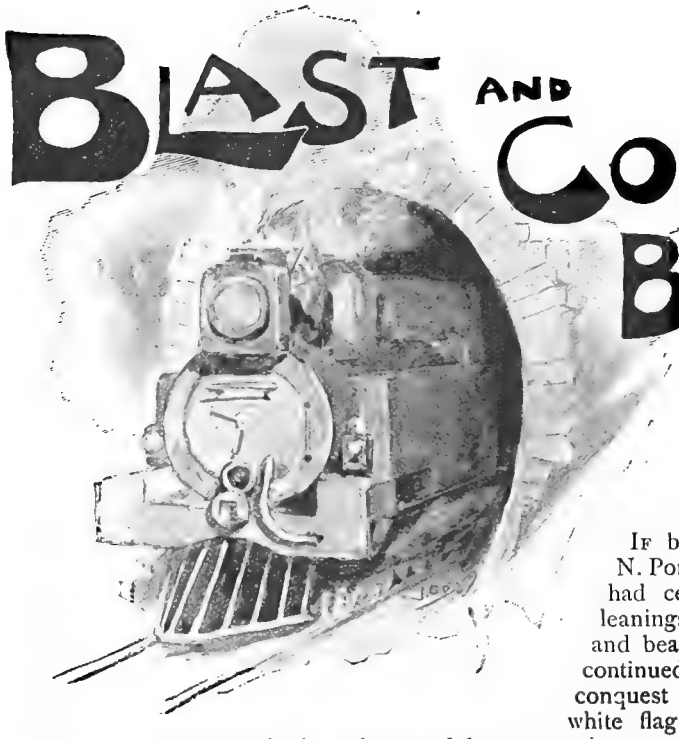
BLAST AND COUNTER-BLAST



A STORY OF PIET KOP TUNNEL.

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

If before the war broke out Job N. Porter, citizen of the United States, had certain pro-Boer leanings, such leanings surely grew "small by degrees and beautifully less" as the hostilities continued, and the Boer methods of conquest and their playful use of the white flag revealed themselves to him. Then he veered round altogether, and became a hearty sympathiser with the Britishers, though circumstances rendered the open expression of his sentiments somewhat difficult, as will be seen.

Job N. Porter was a mining engineer, and had come out to South Africa partly as a prospector, partly in order to set up some machinery in the Johannesburg mines for a wealthy syndicate in New York. On his way up country in the early part of 1899 he had been taken ill at Smithburg, a town in British territory, and had called in the services of a sharp young Colonial doctor named Cuthbert Hill. The latter had not only pulled him through a severe attack of fever, but a close friendship had sprung up between the two men, and after Porter had carried out his business at Johannesburg he had run back to Smithburg to spend a couple of weeks with Hill.

So it happened that he was there when the war broke out, and was an eye-witness of more than one of those early engagements which drove back the British forces and rendered the Boers, for the time being, victorious conquerors of no inconsiderable portion of our territory.

Smithburg was one of the first of the little border towns that had to undergo the humiliation of seeing the Union Jack hauled down and trampled under foot amid the singing of hymns, interspersed with Dutch oaths. For several days before this happened Cuthbert Hill had his hands full of work, for there was more sawing off of limbs and probing for Mauser bullets than the army doctors could well manage, and Hill not only volunteered his services, but he turned his house into a miniature hospital, and received some half-a-dozen wounded Tommies for treatment. In this work of mercy he was ably assisted by the good-natured American, who, as every globe-trotter should, possessed a slight knowledge of surgery and ambulance work.

And so it came to pass that when the Boers occupied Smithburg, not only did Cuthbert Hill refuse to leave, but Job N. Parker declared that he meant to stay on, too.

"See here," he drawled, "I may as well see this thing through. I guess there won't be much need to dig for gold for a month or so, and if you mean to stick here and run a hospital show as surgeon-in-chief, you'll have to keep me on as head bottle-washer and bandage-folder—that's a fact, sir!"

Hill was deeply grateful to the American for his assistance. He very soon found his hands full. The Boers, finding he was a doctor, refrained from looting his property, and

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contented themselves with "commandeering" his house for an unwashed Field Cornet, and himself for the wounded who were brought into Smithburg from the front. Friend or foe, British Tommy or "Federal" burgher, the good doctor made no difference, but treated them all with equal skill and attention. As for Job N. Parker, no nurse could have been more devoted than he was in the extempore little hospital. As the weeks wore on into months the little handful of British soldiers was "discharged" as cured. The least injured of them were given a free pass for a single journey only to Pretoria, the remainder were sent down to the British lines in exchange for Boer wounded prisoners.

It was then that Job N. Porter began to express his private opinions to the doctor.

"I'll tell you what, Hill," he said, "at first I had a bit of a leaning towards the Boers, but I'm with you Britishers now. I've taken to Tommy Atkins now I've seen something of him, but most of these dirty bearded louts are as ungrateful as they are treacherous. The way some of 'em have insulted you all the time you've been doing so much for 'em has downright riled me."

Hill smiled.

"Ah," he replied, "I thought you'd come round. I sometimes wish I'd gone with the others. I'd have liked to have been helping my own countrymen all this time."

"By Moses, sir," cried the American, "*I*'d have liked to have been fighting for 'em as well. And if it hadn't been for you I think I'd have got through somehow and volunteered. But here we are, and here we'll stick to the end—whenever that may be."

Truly the end seemed a long way off as the months rolled on and the Boers still remained in possession, glorying in their "New Transvaal" as they called it. Both men managed to live unmolested, but it was a trying time and a closely shut mouth in public was the only thing that carried them through.

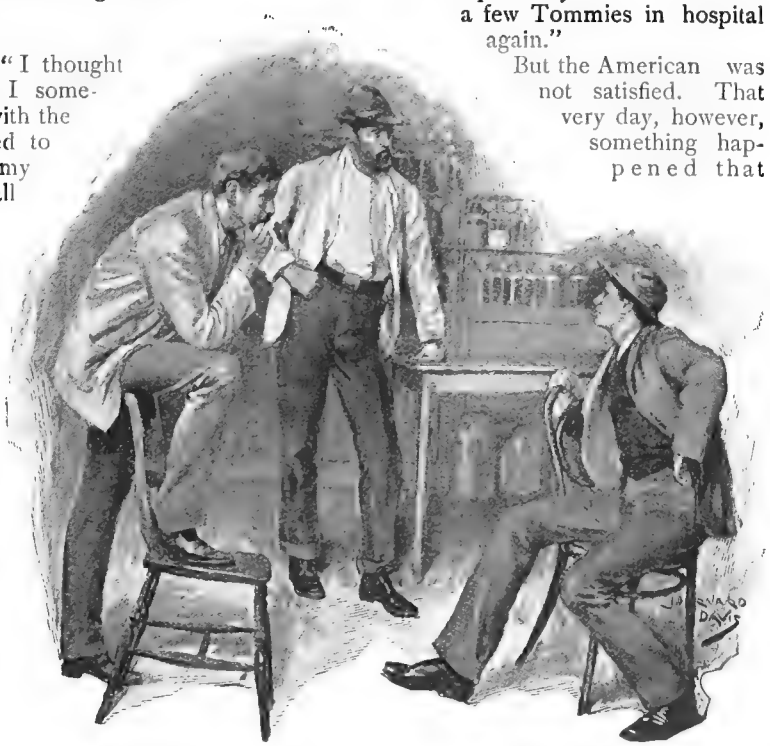
At length rumour after rumour of British successes and Boer tactics to the rear began to be wafted about, and when big guns and long strings of ox waggons and heavily laden trains began to pass through Smithburg from the front, the loyal handful that remained in the town began to realise that the hour of deliverance was at hand. But it was dangerous to say so, or even to look overjoyed, for the Boers were in an ugly temper over the business, and the doctor dared not yet dig up the little Union Jack that he had buried in a box in his garden in the hope of happier days.

If Job N. Porter had been wishing to strike a blow for the British before, his eagerness was redoubled now.

"I guess I'd like to put a spoke in their wheel before they get clean away," he said. "I wish we could do something."

"Oh," replied Hill, "we'll have plenty to do presently. We shall have a few Tommies in hospital again."

But the American was not satisfied. That very day, however, something happened that



"Look here," replied Porter, "would you help me to bust up their little game?"

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prepared the way for the consummation of his wish. Among the Englishmen who had not retreated southward from Smithburg was a certain George Allen, a man who had been employed as a ganger on the railway. The Boers had forced him to continue in his position, and he reluctantly went on in his work of repairing and keeping up the line, only solacing himself with the hope that the day would come when the British Army of advance would travel over it to Pretoria. This man was known quite well to Cuthbert Hill and his American assistant. He had met with a slight accident to his hand, and had come several times to the doctor to get it dressed.

He entered into the surgery one morning for this purpose. Both the other men were present, and the doctor was saying to him :

"Well, it's nearly well now, Allen. You might take the bandage off and use the hand a bit."

"All right, sir—though I don't suppose I shall have much work to do for the next few days."

"Why not?"

"It's all destroying now. Not much building up. They blew up the bridge over the river ten miles south last night after they'd got their last train over. They're wrecking the line as fast as they go back."

"The beggars! But our engineers will soon put that right when they come along."

"They won't bore through Piet Kop tunnel in a hurry though, sir."

"What? Will they destroy that tunnel?"

"Yes, sir. I heard 'em talking about it only this morning—a lot o' bloomin' cowards!"

"Why?" asked Porter.

"Why? Because there ain't a man among 'em that dare go into that tunnel to fire a charge of dynamite."

"How are they going to blow it up, then?"

"They're going to waste two engines over it."

"Two engines?"

"That's their game, sir. They've got two old one's they're saving up specially for the job. As soon as they've got the last train through the tunnel, they'll go to work."

"How will they do it?"

"Get an engine at each end, tender towards the tunnel, with a load of dynamite on each, connected to percussion fuses on the buffers. At a given signal, they'll open the regulators of both engines and send 'em backwards into the tunnel, so as they'll meet about the middle. As soon as the buffers strike, there'll be the biggest bust up you've ever heard. It's a precious sure way of wrecking things, though it's a bit expensive."

"I wish we could stop them," said Hill.

"I reckon we will stop 'em, somehow or other, the derned cusses!" said Porter.

Allen looked at him and shook his head.

"No use, sir," he said, "they'll look after those engines too carefully for us to try and tamper with 'em. It 'ud only mean gettin' shot."

"Look here," replied Porter, ignoring the warning, "would you help me to bust up their little game?"

"I would, sir, if 'twas any use."

"Well, I've got an idea. Put on your bandage again and pretend your hand's bad, then they won't suspect you for coming in and out this house. Go down to the line and pick up what information you can about the time they intend doing the job. But before you go I want to ask you two questions. First, is the line level through the tunnel?"

"No, sir. There's a rising gradient from each end towards the centre."

"That's a bit of luck! Now, is it possible to get into that tunnel without being noticed?"

"That's not easy, sir. There's sentries all along the line—it *might* be done at night—ah—stop a bit, though. Yes, there *is* a way in."

"What."

"A ventilating shaft from the top of the hill. You could fix a rope at the top and slip down."

"Good. Well, you come round after dark."

"What on earth do you intend doing?" asked Hill when Allen had gone.

"All right, siree! I'm not off my head. I reckon I've got as pretty a little scheme as you could wish for a melodrama. But first of all, are you willing to help?"

"You know, old chap, I'm as eager to have a go at the beggars as you are."

"Right! And we will, too. A couple of big whiskey jars and a sack. That's all we shall want to carry the things in. I'll fix up the rest. Ah, we must have a rope, too, and some bits of rag or waste."

"But, my dear fellow, you haven't explained what you're going to do. I'm quite mystified."

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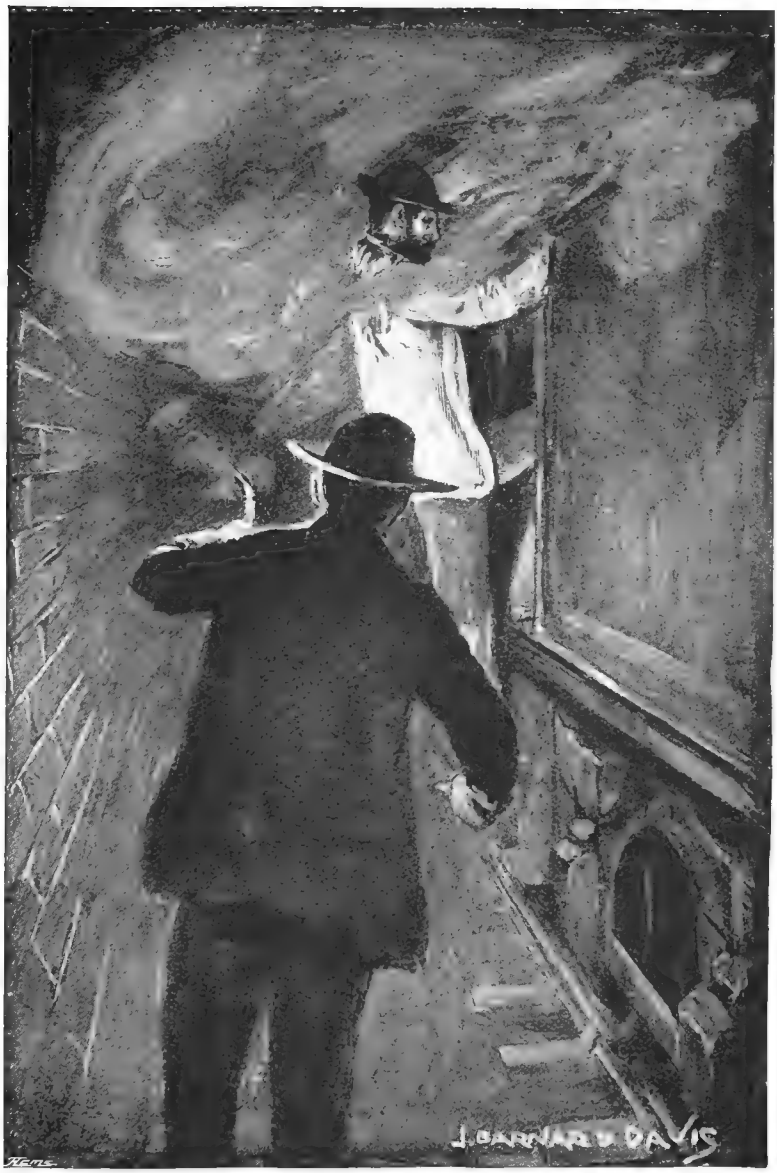
Then Job N. Porter unfolded his plan, and a very cute Yankee plan it was. The other listened in astonishment at the simplicity and daring of the American's idea and ended by shaking him heartily by the hand.

By nightfall, Porter had made all his arrangements and in the doctor's surgery there stood two whiskey jars full of oil, a large bag of sand, a rope, and a certain little case of "sundries." Soon after it was dark Allen came round.

"They're going to blow the tunnel up early to-morrow morning," he said, "Tommy Atkins is quite close. Didn't you hear the guns this afternoon?"

The men nodded. Allen went on:

"They'll send their last half-dozen trains through at daybreak. Then one of the engines with the dynamite on her will run to the further end and wait for the signal."



Allen bounded forward, climbed the footplate, and shut the regulator.

"What's that?" asked Porter.

"Three whistles from the other engine—start at the third whistle. They'll hear 'em plainly through the tunnel."

"I guess we shall, too," grinned the American. "Now, Hill, we'll all have supper and then we'll start. I'll tell Allen the little game while we're eating. We must be in that tunnel well before daylight and have the decks cleared for action."

"It's lucky I've got no patients just at present," said Hill.

The Boers had, as a matter of fact, cleared them out a week before and sent them by ambulance train to Pretoria.

About midnight the three men left the house, loaded heavily and moving stealthily in the darkness. They avoided the line of

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railway by a long detour, and finally gained a point on the hill through which the tunnel ran.

"Here's the shaft," said Allen, as they reached a little circular wall. "The crow-bar we've brought will fit over the top, and we'll soon have the rope down. It's about eighty feet deep at this point, that's all."

They laid a crow-bar across the top, fastened the rope to it, and dropped it down the shaft.

"I reckon I'll lead," said Porter. "You let down the traps after me, and then come yourselves."

"There's a 'refuge' just at the bottom, where we can stow the things and hide ourselves," said Allen.

"All right. Now, you lay hold of the rope, Hill. When you feel it slacken you'll know I'm on the bottom. Ready?"

Seizing the top of the rope with his hands he quickly let himself down the shaft. Presently Hill felt the rope slackened, hauled it up, and they fastened one of the whiskey jars to the end of it and let it down. The second followed in like manner, then the sack of sand and the other impedimenta, and, finally, the two men themselves slid down the rope and joined their companion at the bottom. Porter had lit a bit of candle, which he had stuck back in a large niche in the side of the tunnel. In this niche the men collected their belongings; they also fastened the end of the dangling rope to the side of the tunnel so that nothing would strike it when running through.

"I reckon we'll dowse this light now," said Porter. "It's a bit risky, and we can talk as well in the dark."

The candle was put out, and the council of war opened.

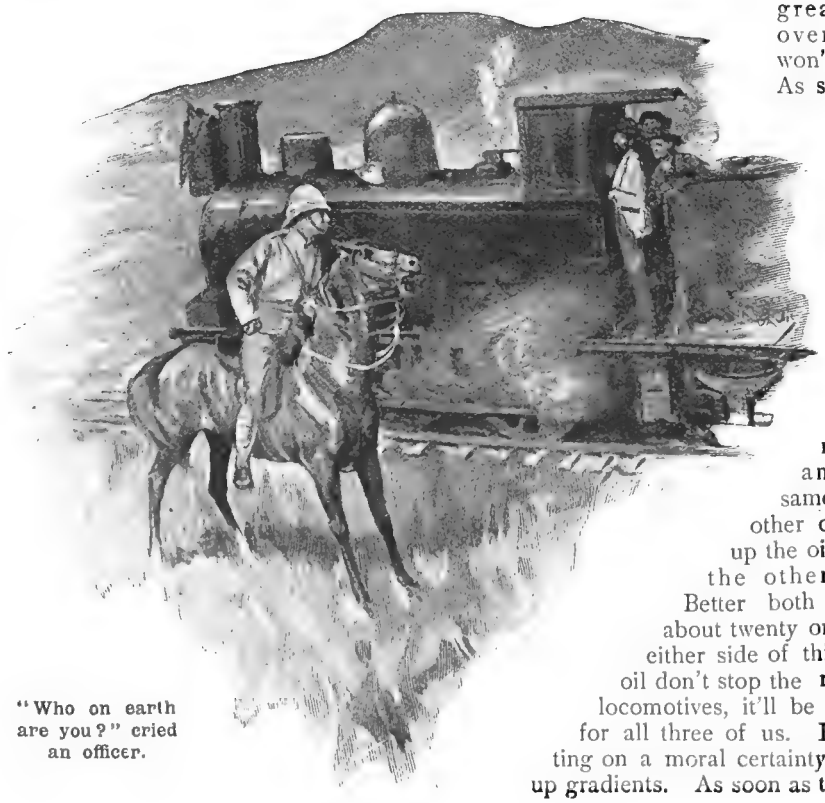
"Now, Allen," went on Porter, "are you sure we've struck the centre of the tunnel?"

"Certain, sir. I ought to know, for I've been working on this bit of line for the last two years."

"And the gradients drop from this point to each end?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! You see, Hill, if that hadn't been so we should have wanted a lot more sand, but now, just give 'em a start on the down grade and the oil won't stop 'em much. Now here's the plan, and, mind you, we'll have to hurry up like greased lightning over it, for there won't be much time. As soon as the locomotive's run through, you start oiling the rails towards Smithburg, Hill. Just pour the oil on to your rags and rub lightly along one rail for about fifty yards or so, running back and doing the same thing on the other one. You take up the oiling business on the other side, Allen. Better both of you begin about twenty or thirty yards on either side of this. Now if that oil don't stop the running of those locomotives, it'll be kingdom come for all three of us. But I'm calculating on a moral certainty, because of the up gradients. As soon as the engines stop,



"Who on earth are you?" cried an officer.

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climb up on 'em and shut the regulators and turn on the brakes, you know where to find them Hill?"

"I think so."

"Of course *you* do, Allen. Well, then comes the time for sanding the track. I've got an empty bag here and we'll divide the sand. Take half each, and as soon as you've cut off steam sprinkle the sand over the oiled track in front of the engines. About twenty yards will fix things, I guess. If the engines are carrying sand in their boxes so much the better, but we mustn't reckon on that."

"What are you going to do all the time?" asked Hill.

"A bit of blasting work, sir! I've brought a couple of cartridges with time fuses, and I'll lay them among the dynamite in the engine that Allen stops. Then we'll send that along by herself towards Pretoria, and we'll get out ourselves on the other."

Such was the plan of the wily American, and it wanted three pretty resolute men to put it into execution. By-and-by a white speck at the end of the tunnel warned them that day was dawning. Presently there was a rattle and a roar as a train came thundering through. The three men crouched in the recess, where there was plenty of room for them, as it passed on the single line that the tunnel possessed. Soon afterwards there was another very long train—then another—and so one by one they counted seven trains in all.

Then there came a long pause.

"I reckon they've about got all their rolling stock through," said Porter.

Allen growled an assent.

"So far's I know they only had nine engines at Smithburg last night, if they've sent seven on they'll only have the two left."

"Are you both ready?"

"Yes," came the answer.

For fully a quarter of an hour they waited, then came a rattle from the Smithburg end of the tunnel, and they saw the speck of light disappear.

"Here's something coming!"

A solitary engine ran past them in the darkness.

"Quick, boys," said the American, "there isn't a moment to lose. Off you go, and good luck to you."

The others started off in different directions and methodically set to work. It was not an easy job to undertake. They left their half bag of sand at the point where they began on the rail they meant to return on, and, feeling for the other rail, soaked a great handful of cotton-waste in the oil and brushed the rail lightly with it, carrying the heavy jar in the other hand. In this way they both proceeded slowly towards the ends of the tunnel, and when they thought they had gone far enough, reversed their steps, doing exactly the same thing on the other rail till they reached the sand bag they had left. There was just enough oil for the job. They then caught up their sand bags and waited anxiously. Scarcely a minute passed before three appalling shrieks were heard from the Smithburg end of the tunnel.

Then there was an ominous snorting and rattling.

The two locomotives had been sent in on their dreadful errand of destruction.

Meanwhile Job N. Porter, who was as cool aa if he had been sitting in his office at home drawing up a plan, had lit the bit of candle, and put the finishing touches to his dynamite cartridges and time fuses. As soon as he heard the whistle he rushed out and stumbled along the line towards the Pretoria end.

"Allen!"

"All right, sir, I'm ready!"

It was a terrible moment. They heard the snorting engines enter the tunnel, gathering speed as they came on. They felt them coming nearer and nearer through the choking, sulphurous smoke and darkness. *Would* the oiled rails slip the wheels in time? Snort, snort—roar and rattle—on they came! It was impossible to judge by the sound whether they were slackening or not, as, of course, the wheels would still revolve on the oiled rails at the same rate.

Porter had lit his candle.

"All *right!*" he suddenly yelled. "Look, she's only crawling forward. Quick!"

For, just in front of them, loomed the tender end of the locomotive. The puffing and snorting and roar were as great as ever, but the driving wheels were only slipping on the greased rails.

Allen bounded forward, climbed the footplate, and shut the regulator. The snorting instantly ceased, though the wheels still revolved. On went the brakes, and in half a minute the angry steed was at rest. The oil had done its work!

Porter listened anxiously a minute. The rattling of the other engine had ceased.

"Hooray!" he yelled; "the doctor's got her in hand!"

In another moment he was on the tender, carefully laying his cartridges among the load of dynamite. Meanwhile Allen had run ahead and was sanding the track. A couple

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of minutes, and he had come back and stood on the footplate, regulator in hand.

"Ready?" cried the American.

"All right, sir, when you are. I've opened her sandbox in case there's any in."

"Right!"

He struck a match and lit the fuse. Then he clambered over the tender and dropped.

"Start her!"

"Right, sir!" and the ganger pulled over the handle, gave a twist to the brake, and scrambled down from the foot plate.

There was a snort and a puff as the engine began to run—towards Pretoria!

"Guess they didn't expect to see her back so soon. She'll give 'em a bit of a surprise, too. Come on, Allen!"

They groped their way back to the second engine.

"Is it all right, Hill?" shouted Porter.

"All right, old chap. I've hurt my foot a bit, that's all. Wait half-a-minute. I dug up that flag before we started and I'm fixing it on the chimney. We'll run out with flying colours."

"Good! I've got a little job to see to before we start."

Very carefully the American removed the detonators from the buffers of the tender. Then he lifted out package after package of dynamite and handed them to Allen who stored them by the side of the tunnel. Finally all three men found themselves on the foot plate.

"Off with the brakes!" said Porter to Allen. "Now then, look out for Mausers when we run out!"

Just as the engine started a terrific booming sound was heard outside the tunnel in the other direction.

"All serene, Hill, my boy! That's the other locomotive returned to its owners with more than they reckoned for. Now for it! How far can we run out, Allen?"

"A good two miles, sir—then there's a wrecked culvert."

As they neared the mouth of the tunnel they caught a glimpse of a dozen wondering Boers, scuttling about in all directions. How the engine had managed to get out they knew not, but they did know she had been loaded with dynamite when she went in, and they did not seem particularly anxious to get near.

But when she had once dashed out and they caught sight of the Union Jack on the smoke stack and the three men on the footplate, half a score of Mausers came up to as many shoulders, and they began pot shotting at the flying target.

But although one or two bullets struck the cab unpleasantly near, not one of them found a resting place in flesh or bone, and the engine ran forward triumphantly, leaving the little Boer blasting party behind. Suddenly Hill shouted:

"Look ahead!"

"Hurrah," yelled Allen, as his eye caught a group of horsemen advancing from the south, "they're in khaki!"

"I guess they'll soon spot our bit of rag," said Porter. "Snakes! but I wish we had a flutter of the stars and stripes as well."

"It wouldn't do," said Hill. "America's not at war with old Kruger."

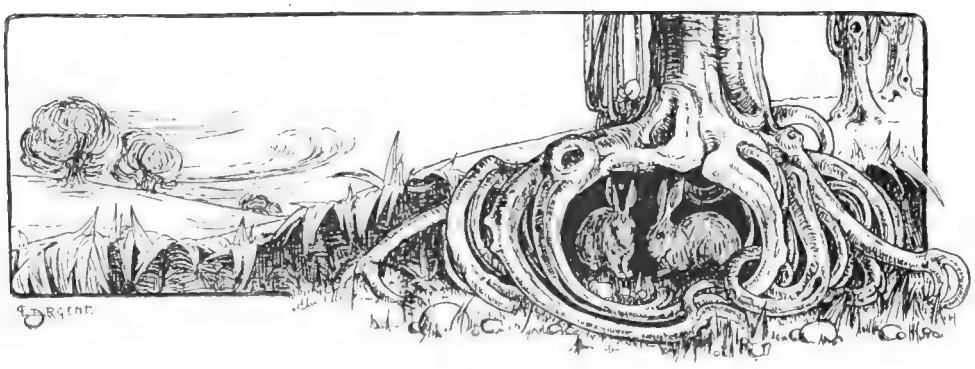
"Job N. Porter is though, and he reckons he's done 'em this journey. Here they come. I'll pull up and ask 'em if they've got a drink among 'em, I'm dry."

And he shut the regulator.

"Who on earth are you?" cried an officer as he came galloping down to the line.

"Two citizens of Smithburg and one of America," yelled Porter, "just out for a little run to welcome you back again. And I guess we'll drink your health if your whiskey flask ain't dried up."

And then explanations followed.



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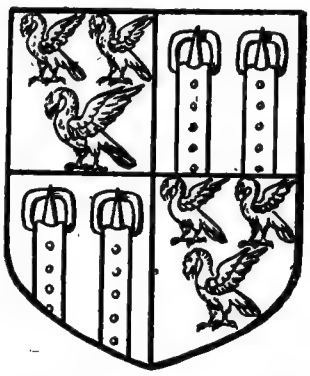
The arms as used by the present Duke of Marlborough, showing the augmentation granted to the great Duke for the victory of Blenheim.

"LEST WE FORGET."

How Records of the Services of Gallant Warriors are Perpetuated in their Coats of Arms.

By A. C. Fox-Davies.

Illustrated by M. E. B. Crookes.



The first authentic augmentation. The quarterings of buckles and thongs were granted to Sir John de Pelham for services at the battle of Poictiers.

Many people think that famous victories and military and naval services are only held "in remembrance" in the history books, and that the rewards to the conquering generals consist of no more than the titles conferred by a gracious Sovereign, and the pensions or gifts of money voted by Parliament. But the memory of a famous deed is kept green in another way. This is by the gift or grant of what is known as "an honourable augmentation of arms."

Armorial bearings are the sign of the technical rank of

This augmentation of a shield with silver stars and armed hand and banner was granted by Queen Elizabeth to the Legh family for services rendered years before at the battle of Crecy;

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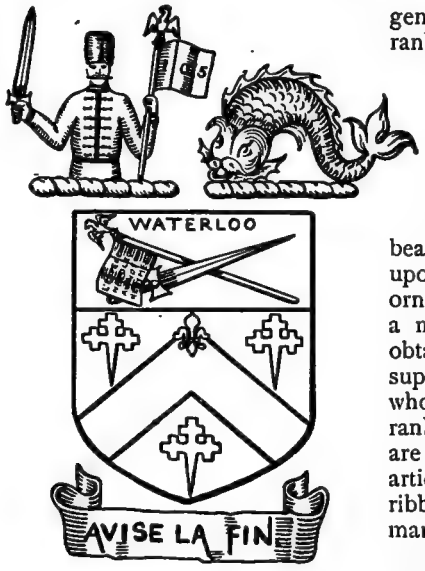


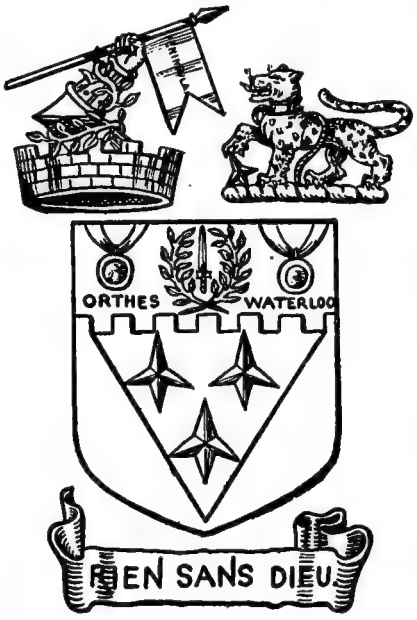
The augmentation granted to Captain Clark-Kennedy, for capturing a French eagle at Waterloo, is the standard crossed with a sword.

gentility, the lowest hereditary rank; and, like all other rank, this requires to be granted by the Crown. Consequently, all arms and crests need to emanate from the Crown, or, in the case of very ancient ones, need to have been recognised and confirmed by the Crown.

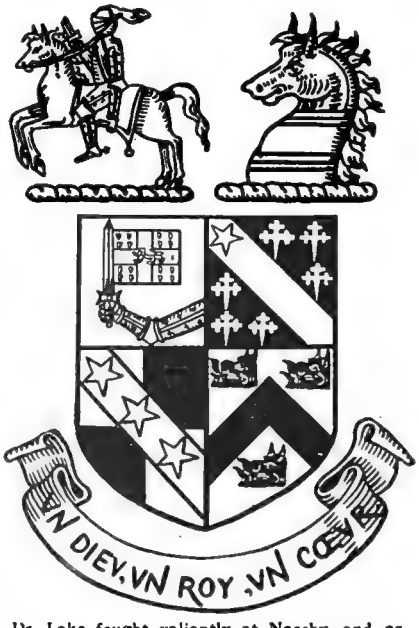
Whilst the applicant is required to pay the fees in the case of an ordinary coat of arms, he pays none in the case of a grant of an augmentation, which is a gift.

It is perhaps necessary to explain that armorial bearings must as a minimum, consist of some device placed upon the shield. Usually there is also a crest, which is the ornament attached to the helmet, and in most cases there is a motto. Peers and Knights Grand Cross are at liberty to obtain supporters as a sign of such rank, if they like, but supporters are not a necessary part to the validity of the whole. Consequently the supporters, being symbolical of rank only, and not forming any part of the augmentations, are omitted in most of the illustrations accompanying this article; and for the same reason the coronets of rank, the ribbons and collars of knighthood, and the helmets and mantlings are also omitted.

There are many gorgeous legends relating to augmentations and arms, which are said to have been granted by William the Conqueror as rewards after the Battle of Hastings. Personally I do not believe in a single one, because it has yet to be proved that such a thing as a coat of arms, as we now know it, existed at the time. There was a certain augmentation borne by the Dodge family, which, if it be correct, dates from the thirty-fourth year of Edward I., but whether this be authentic it is impossible to say. The earliest undoubted one that I am aware of dates from the reign of Edward III. Sir John de Pelham shared in the glory of the Battle of Poictiers, and in the capture of the French King John. To commemorate this he was granted two round buckles with thongs. The Pelham family arms were three pelicans as shown in the illustration, and, as will be seen, these family arms were quartered with the buckles and thongs of augmentation. The quarterly coat forms a part of the arms both of Lord Chichester and of Lord Yarborough at the present day, and "the Pelham buckle" has



Sir Edward Kerrison received, as augmentations after Waterloo, a sword with wreath of laurel hanging between two medals.



Dr. Lake fought valiantly at Naseby, and, as reward, his arms were augmented by the first quarter of the shield, where the sixteen small shields represent sixteen wounds which he sustained.

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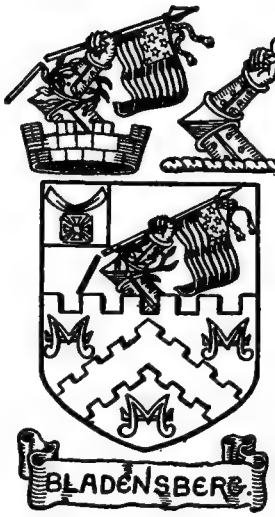


Observe the hand holding the Stars and Stripes. This was granted as reward for General Ross taking the City of Washington.

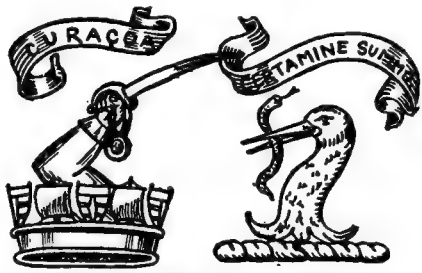
been the badge of the Pelham family for centuries.

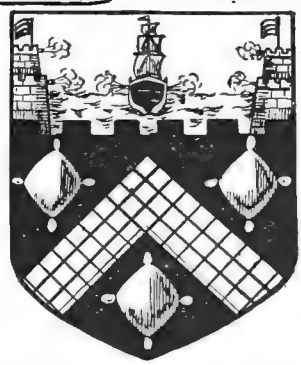
Piers Legh fought with the Black Prince and took the Count de Tanquervil prisoner at the Battle of Crecy, "and did valiantly rere and advance the said princes Banner att the bataile of Cressy to the noe little encouragement of the English army," but it was not until the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the augmentation to commemorate this was granted. This consisted of a black shield covered with silver stars, and on it a mailed arm holding a banner. The illustration only shows the shield of augmentation which has been (according to the varying circumstances of the case) arranged in several ways upon the family arms and quarterings of the Leghs of Lyme.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth furnishes an interesting example of the gift of a complete coat in the case of Sir Francis Drake, who had been using the arms of another family of the same name. The representative of that family complained to the Queen that Sir Francis, whom he styled an upstart, should take such liberties with his arms; whereupon the Queen said she would give Sir Francis arms which should outrival those of his namesake. At least, such is the legend, and though the arms themselves were granted by Clarenceux King of Arms, and I have not yet found any royal warrant indicating that the grant was made by specific royal command, I believe the story to be correct. The stars upon the shield are the two pole stars, and the wavy band between them typifies Drake's voyage round the world, as does also the peculiar crest in which the Divine hand is shown guiding his ship around the globe.

At the battle of Naseby Dr. Edward Lake fought bravely for the King, and in the service of his Majesty received no less than sixteen wounds. At the end of the battle, when his left arm was useless, he put the bridle of his horse between his teeth and still fought on. The augmentation is the arm holding the sword in the first quarter, the sixteen shields upon the banner being meant to typify his sixteen wounds.

After the Commonwealth was established in England, Charles II. made a desperate effort to regain his crown, an effort which culminated in his disastrous defeat at the battle of Worcester. The King escaped through the gate of the city solely through the heroic efforts of Colonel Newman, and this is kept in remembrance by the portcullis surmounted by the Royal Crown which figures in the centre of the Newman arms. Everyone has heard how the King was accompanied in his wanderings by Colonel Carlos, who hid with him in the oak tree at Boscobel. Afterwards the





Sir Charles Brisbane was granted, as an augmentation, his ship passing between two Dutch forts.

The arms of Sir Robert Otway and their curious augmentation.

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The Lanes are the only family in England who are not taxed for their coat of arms. This is owing to Charles II. having granted, as an augmentation, the arms of England, which are exempt from taxation.

King accompanied Mistress Jane Lane on horseback as her servant to the coast, whence he fled to the Continent. The reward of Colonel Carlos was the gift of an entire coat-of-arms. The Lanes, though not until after some years had passed and the King had come back to his own again, were granted two remarkable additions to their family arms. First of all "the canton of England" (that is, the arms of England upon a canton) was added to their shield. They are the *only* family to whom such an honour has been given, and a most curious result has happened. When the use of the armorial bearings was taxed by Act of Parliament the Royal Arms were specially exempted, and on account of this canton the Lane family claimed and obtained exemption from the tax. A few years later a crest was granted to them, namely, a strawberry roan horse, "couped at the flanks," holding in its feet the Royal Crown. It was upon a horse of this colour that the King and Mistress Lane had escaped and thereby saved the Crown.

The reign of Queen Anne produced in the Duke of Marlborough one of the finest generals the world has ever seen; and in the Battle of Blenheim one of its greatest victories. The augmentation which commemorated this is a shield bearing the cross of St. George and in the centre a smaller shield with the golden lilies of France. The great Duke was also created a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and the double-headed eagle behind the shield is indicative of this rank.

In the year 1797 the Battle of Camperdown was fought, when Admiral Duncan defeated the Dutch Fleet and was created Lord Camperdown. His family arms were the two cinquefoils and the hunting horn, but to these were added the naval crown and a representation of the gold medal given by George III. to Lord Camperdown to commemorate his victory.

The arms of Nelson are most interesting, inasmuch as the shield which is illustrated shows two separate and distinct augmentations. It is not, however, the coat as it was granted to and borne by the great Admiral himself. After the Battle of the Nile he received the augmentation which appears across the top of his shield, the palm tree, the disabled ship, and the battery in ruins. The one crest is the plume of triumph given to the Admiral by the Sultan Selim III., and the second crest, which, however, is not a crest of augmentation, is the stern of the Spanish ship *San Josef*. After his death at the Battle of Trafalgar his brother was created Earl Nelson, and a second augmentation, namely, the wavy band with the word "Trafalgar" upon it, was added to the arms. This, however, has since been discontinued, and the family has reverted to the arms as they were borne by the great Admiral.

The naval crown and medal were added to Lord Camperdown's arms to celebrate his great victory over the Dutch fleet.

After the death of Nelson at

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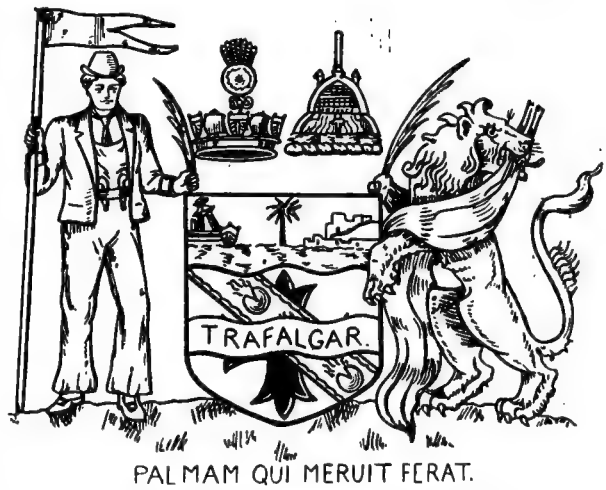
the Battle of Trafalgar, Lord Collingwood took command, and though naval experts think that the action of Collingwood greatly minimised the number of prizes which would have resulted from the victory, Lord Collingwood received for an augmentation the lion of England, navally crowned upon a wavy band across the top of his shield, with the word "Trafalgar" over the lion. He also received an additional crest, namely, the stern of his ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, between a wreath of oak on the one side and a wreath of laurel on the other.



These arms of Nelson are remarkable in that they have two distinct augmentatio s.

Doubtless everybody has heard of the famous fight between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, for the heroic story has been often told. Captain Broke sent in a challenge to the *Chesapeake* to come out and fight him, and, though a banquet was prepared by the Mayor of Boston for that evening "to meet the English officers," Captain Broke defeated the *Chesapeake* in an engagement which only lasted a very short time. He was granted an additional crest, namely, an arm holding a trident and issuing from a naval crown, together with the motto, "Sævumque tridentem servamus." Nor was this the only augmentation earned in fighting against the Yankees. General Ross fought and won the Battle of Bladensberg, and took the City of Washington, dying a few days afterwards. The story is that the family were offered their choice of a baronetcy or an augmentation, and they chose the latter. The augmentation, which was specially granted with permission for it to be placed upon the monument to the memory of General Ross, consists of the arm holding the flag of the United States with a broken flag-staff which will be seen both on the shield itself, and as an additional crest. The shield also shows the gold cross for previous services at Corunna and in the Peninsula. The family were also given the surname of "Ross-of-Bladensberg."

Lord Collingwood, who took Nelson's place after the latter's death, had his arms augmented by a navally-crowned lion of England.

Captain Broke was granted an additional cr st for defeating the American warship *Chesapeake* in the famous engagement off Boston, which lasted only a very short time.

The capture of Curacoa by Admiral Sir Charles Brisbane, K.C.B., is commemorated by the representation of his ship passing between the two Dutch forts; and by the additional crest of an arm in a naval officer's uniform grasping a cutlass. Admiral Sir Robert Otway, for his distinguished services, was granted "an anchor between two branches of oak, and on the one side a demi-Neptune and on the other a mermaid," to add to his shield. Admiral Sir George Pocock, who captured Havannah, was given for an augmentation on a wavy blue band a sea-horse to typify his

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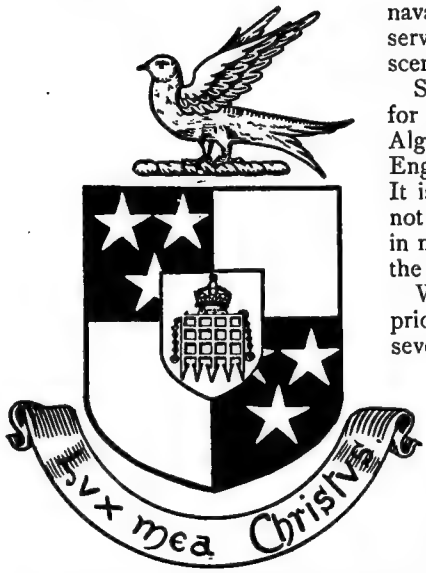


The portcullis in the centre, surmounted by a Royal Crown, commemorates the assistance rendered by Colonel Newman to Charles II. in escaping through the gate of Worcester.

naval career, between two Eastern Crowns to typify his services in the East Indies, with the word "Havanna," the scene of his greatest victory.

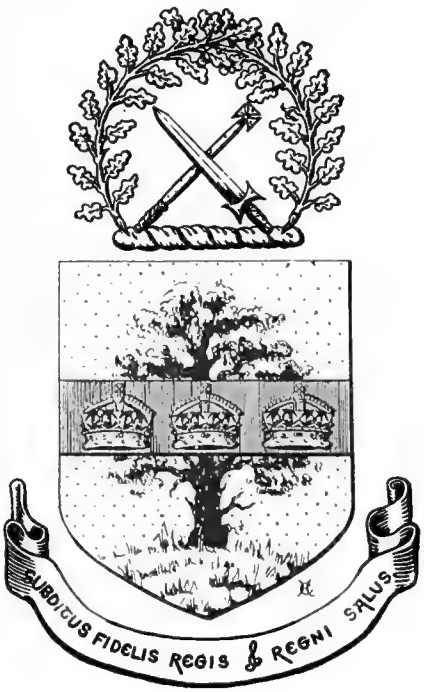
Sir Edward Pellew, who was created Viscount Exmouth for bombarding and destroying the fort and arsenal of Algiers, was given a representation of that fort, with an English man-of-war in front of it, to add to his shield. It is interesting to note that one of his supporters, though not a part of his augmentation, represents a Christian slave, in memory of those in captivity at Algiers when he captured the city.

We now come to the battle upon which an Englishman prides himself the most, namely, Waterloo. There were several augmentations won there; and the Waterloo medal figures upon many coats of arms of Waterloo officers. Here, however, we have only space to allude to two. Colonel Alexander Clark Kennedy, with his own hand, captured the French Eagle of the 105th French Regiment. For this he bears a representation of it and a sword crossed upon his shield, and his crest of augmentation is a demi-dragoon holding the same flag. The Duke of Wellington, by his victory, saved Europe from disaster and England from her peril. Of the multitude of honours which were showered upon him in consequence, not the least was his augmentation. This was a smaller shield to be superimposed upon his own, and charged with those crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, which we term "the Union Jack." Sir Edward Kerrison, who distinguished himself so greatly in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, was granted a sword with a wreath of laurel and representations of his medals for Orthes and Waterloo, and, for an additional crest, an arm in armour holding a banner inscribed "Peninsula."

Sir Thomas Munro, who will be long remembered as the Governor of Madras, was rewarded for his capture of Badamy by a representation of that hill fort in India. In our Eastern Empire was also won the augmentation of Lord Keane, which is very similar, being a representation of the Fortress of Ghuznee in Afghanistan, which he captured.

The arms of Lord Gough are most remarkable, inasmuch as they show no less than two distinct and different augmentations both earned by the same man. His family arms were the three boars' heads and the band between them which bears the lion, and his family crest was the boar's head. In 1816, for

Sir Francis Drake's arms. The stars represent the two pole stars, and the wavy white band his voyage round the world.



For accompanying King Charles II. on his wanderings when he was exiled from the country, Colonel Carlos received a grant of an entire coat of arms.

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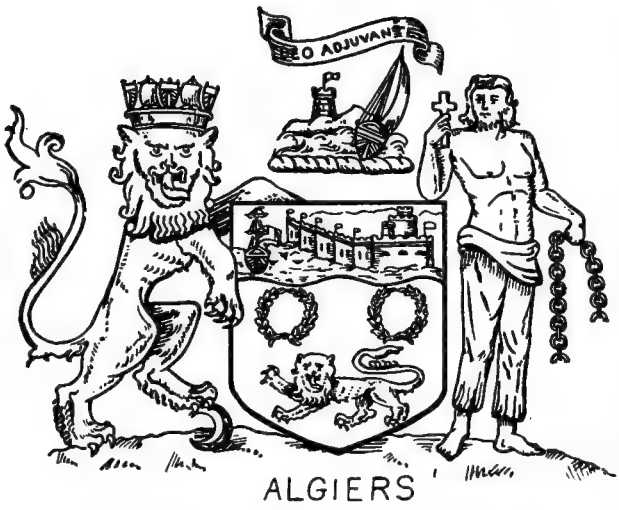
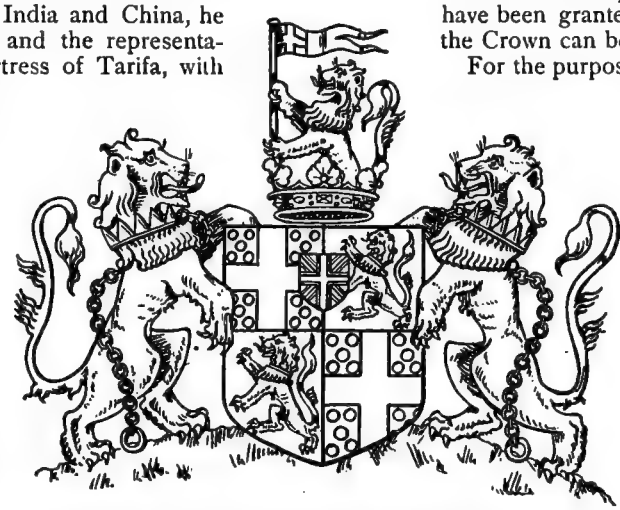


Observe the English man-of-war and the fort of Algiers. For destroying the latter Lord Exmouth was granted this augmentation.

his services in India and China, he won the Cross and the representation of the Fortress of Tarifa, with the crest of the arm holding the colours of his own regiment, the 87th, and a French Eagle reversed and depressed. After his victories in the East, particularly at Goojerat, and for the subjugation and annexation of the Punjab he was granted, in 1843, an additional quartering to add to his shield. This, as will be seen, shows the Lion of England holding up the Union Jack below the words "China" and "India." The third crest, which was then granted to him, shows a lion holding the Union Jack and a Chinese flag.



The greatest honour, perhaps, conferred on the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo was the small shield with the Union Jack as augmentation to his arms.

We are coming now to later days. Sir George Pollock, "of the Khyber Pass," Bart., earned everlasting fame for himself in the first Afghan War, by forcing the Khyber Pass and by the capture of Cabul. For this he was given an Eastern Crown and the word "Khyber" to be added to his shield as well as three cannon, and at the same time he was granted an additional crest—a lion holding an Afghan banner with the staff thereof broken. With him it seemed as if the practice of granting augmentations for military services had ceased. Lord Roberts had none, neither had Lord Wolseley. But the year before last the old practice was reverted to in favour of Lord Kitchener. His family arms were as shown in the one illustration, viz., the pointed chevron and the three bustards with the stag's head for a crest; but for "smashing the Khalifa" he has been given the Union Jack and the Egyptian flag with the staves encircled by a coronet bearing the word Khartoum. He also received a second crest of an elephant's head holding a sword in its trunk.

From the above it will be seen that, however much advertising heraldic stationers may uphold the acquisition of a coat of arms or crest by the simple process of the appropriation of the property of somebody else, or by the equally simple process of invention, the fact remains that only those arms which have been granted or recognised by the Crown can be said to be legal.

For the purpose of the granting of ordinary arms, the Kings of Arms are empowered by the Sovereign by Letters Patent under the Great Seal of England to grant arms under certain

The hill fort of Badamy was granted to Sir Thomas Munro as augmentation for his capture of the place.

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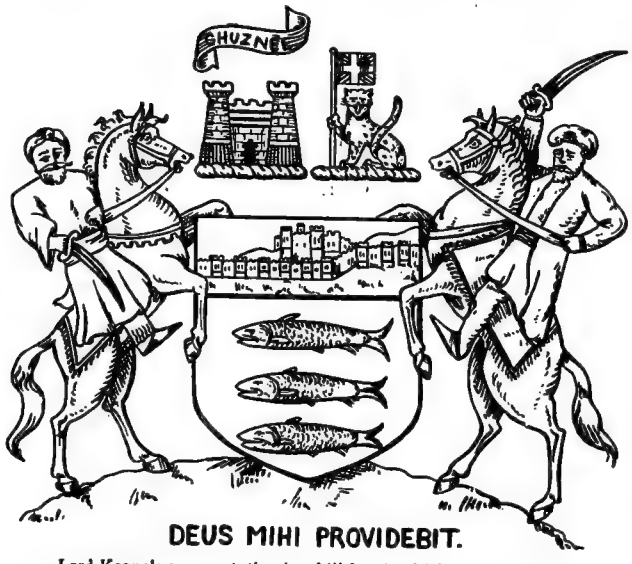


Lord Keane's augmentation is a hill fort in Afghanistan, which he captured.

conditions. And by the granting of arms the technical rank of gentility is conferred. But the Kings of Arms cannot grant augmentations, and each separate augmentation requires a separate and specific warrant under the Sign Manual of the Sovereign.

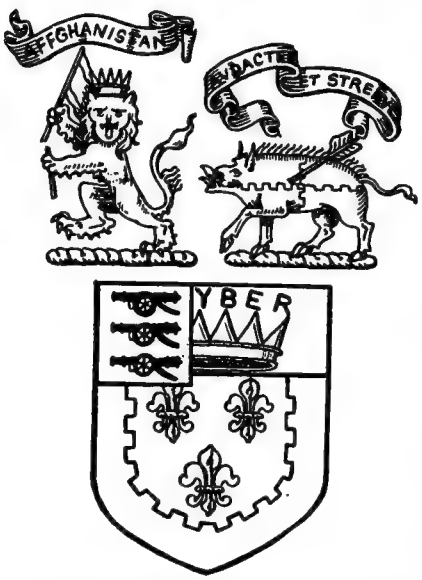
The Battle of Flodden was won by the Earl of Surrey, afterwards the Duke of Norfolk, and amongst the many rewards which the King showered upon his successful Marshal was an augmentation to his arms of "a demi-lion pierced in the mouth with an arrow, depicted in the colours for the arms of the Kingdom of Scotland, which the said James, late King of Scots, bore." This, however, does not very readily lend itself to illustration.

All the instances quoted so far consist of additions to existing family arms, but there are cases where, no family arms being in existence, the gift has consisted of the entire coat of arms.

The Battle of Agincourt is referred to by Shakespeare, who puts these words into King Henry's mouth on the eve of that great battle (Act IV., scene iii.):—

> We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
> For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
> Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
> This day shall gentle his condition.

There is actual foundation in fact for these lines. For in a writ couched in very stringent and severe terms issued by the same King in after years decreeing penalties for the improper assumption and use of false arms, specific exception is made in favour of those "who bore arms with us at the Battle of Agincourt." Evidently this formed a very extensive kind of augmentation.



Sir Geo. Pollock received a curious augmentation to his arms for forcing the Khyber Pass and taking Cabul.

Two other very interesting

The augmentation of a sea-horse between two crowns was granted to Sir Geo. Pocock for capturing Havannah.

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The arms of the Kitchener family as they were before the augmentation granted to Lord Kitchener.

instances of augmentation of arms, which I have not found space to illustrate, are worthy of mention.

Sir Ralph Abercromby, after a distinguished career, fought and won the Battle of Aboukir Bay, only to die a few days later on board H.M.S. *Foudroyant* of his wounds received in the battle. But long before he had fought and conquered the French at Valenciennes, and in 1795 had been made a Knight of the Bath. The arms which are upon his stall plate in Westminster Abbey include his augmentation, which is the arm in armour encircled by a wreath of laurel supporting the French Standard. His family arms were the three boars' heads and the chevron which now occupy the lower part of the shield.

Lord Kitchener's arms, with the augmentation granted to him for crushing the Khalifa's power.

Sir William Hoste gained the celebrated victory over the French fleet off the Island of Lissa in 1811, and the augmentation which was granted was a representation of his gold medal hanging from a naval crown, and an additional crest, an arm holding a flag inscribed with the word "Cattaro," the scene of another of his victories.

This must close my list of augmentations here described, but in concluding I should like to mention that it will be interesting to see what rewards are meted out in this way, as a result of the South African Campaign, just being concluded.

The practice of granting augmentations to celebrated soldiers as rewards for their gallant exploits and successful campaigns was revived, after a pause, in the case of Lord Kitchener, as already stated. Hence there is little or no doubt that when the South African campaign is finally brought to a close and the rewards are distributed to those most worthy, these rewards will include, besides peerages and other elevations in rank, with monetary grants to support the new positions attained, augmentations of arms similar to those which have been described here. No doubt many of my readers will be interested sufficiently to follow the matter and look out for the augmentations.

The story of Lord Gough's remarkable augmentations will be found in the text.

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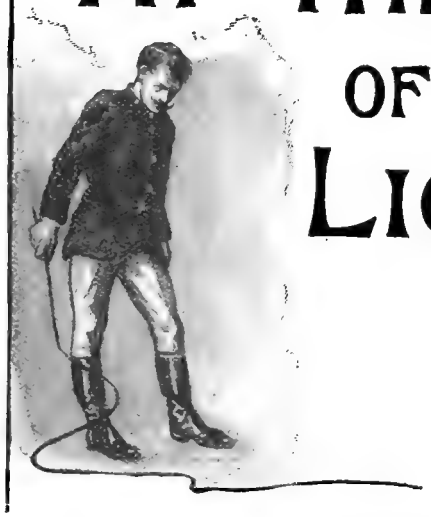
AT THE MERCY OF THE LIONS



A LONDON DREAM

BY MURIEL HINE

IT was the last night of Henley and the audience in the big circus was relatively small —a merciful dispensation of Providence when one considers what the panic, when it did come, *might* have been!

Lucas Warden, countryman, sat right under the Royal box facing the powerful orchestra, with the stage on his right and the entrance to the ring—guarded by twelve lady lackeys of most alluring presence—and on his left the huge, half-empty body of the house.

The box was built rather more forward than the others, splitting up the fourth row of side stalls, where he occupied the centre seat and between him and the third row and the floor was a narrow space where a man might lie at full length and be unobserved.

This peculiarity had struck his practical mind, as, through the high adjusted bars encircling them, he watched the lions stalk into the empty arena one by one.

"In case of accidents," he decided, "that corner might be handy." In the cage Juda Seldt, the giant, merrily cracked his whip, and stopped to slap a lion provokingly on its muzzle.

The beast struck out at him with its huge paw and the tamer, dodging the blow, threw back his handsome head and laughed aloud.

"Menelik! Pasha!" came the loud word of command, and obedient to his wonderful will, the two largest lions climbed slowly up on to their respective pillars.

Juda Seldt laid a firm arm lovingly around one huge pet's neck and teased another mischievously with the short loaded stick he carried in his hand.

Lucas was already getting accustomed to the scene and he smiled openly at his first idea of a possible accident.

After all, mistrust as he might the strength of the apparently feeble cage, the man was master of his beasts, and for over six months the show had run without the slightest mishap.

But even as he smiled the thing occurred.

The whip cracked out through the air, and a sulky lion rushed swiftly before it across the arena.

At the same moment Menelik from the height of his pillar sprang at the fleeing figure, and the pair rolled heavily together against the bars.

There was a sound of rending steel and the sharp click of the bolts as they broke away.

The audience rose and rushed helter-skelter upwards over the seats towards the doors, as a tawny shapeless mass rolled through the broken bars into the first row of the stalls.

Lucas Warden was on his feet in a minute, but as he saw the serried masses fighting and struggling through the various exits and the broad deserted space which separated him from the nearest door, he relinquished his first plan, and, dropping on his knees, crawled down

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into the afore-mentioned gap under cover of the Royal box.

He found with a little manœuvring he could see down on to the stage through the legs of the seats in front.

Juda Seldt, at the first panic, had pressed forward, whip upraised.

He shouted in his loudest and most peremptory voice, but in his excitement over the other two he forgot Pasha above him, still obedient to his pillared post.

The end of the whip flicked up against his flank, and with a snarl of rage the angry beast struck out blindly at the Austrian below.

He dodged instinctively—but just, by a second, too late.

The huge paw missed his head, but caught his shoulder, claws out, with a swift zip-zip of tearing cloth, and his master staggered and fell forward with arms outstretched, his head striking with a dull thud against the sawdust-covered boards.

Lucas Warden's breath came in little gasps and he felt his heart throbbing like an engine in his chest.

His only hope was gone and he was at the mercy of the lions.

Moreover, he firmly believed he would have to be a silent witness of the last sickening triumph of matter over mind. But to his astonishment the animals took but little notice of the prostrate figure at their feet.

Pasha still kept his high position and surveyed the scattering remnant of the audience sleepily, opening his huge mouth in all the comprehensive wisdom of a lion's yawn.

Beneath him, moving stealthily on her noiseless pads, crept up a lioness and sniffed around the body which lay so motionless upon the ground.

Meanwhile the two who had caused all the commotion had shaken themselves free from one another and the *débris* of broken bars.

Their quarrel quite forgotten, surprise seemed the dominant note.

Erect stood Menelik, paws planted firmly before him on the narrow passage between the seven-and-sixpenny stalls, his tail outstretched and proud head raised—the very living image of his counterpart in Trafalgar Square.

Suddenly a terrific roar boomed through the echoes of the deserted house.

The audience seemed to have vanished as though by magic—even the gallery was deserted.

How long it had all taken Lucas could not guess, and at that precise moment someone without switched off the electric light, why or wherefore must always remain unexplained.

From the narrow gallery in the cupola above, a single limelight still poured down its arc of light on to the arena and the prostrate form of Seldt.

The semi-gloom only added to the horrors of the scene.

Like a huge cat Pasha slid down off his perch and through the shattered bars into the

The thing sprang to its feet and stood revealed. "By heaven!" cried Lucas Warden. "A Clown!"

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darkness beyond, and one by one the remainder followed his example.

Lucas could hear the great beasts moving about; occasionally a snarl reached his ears, or the soft thud told of a spring on to velvet seats.

Once a great body passed so near he could hear it breathe as he shuddered in his narrow hiding-place.

In the ring the limelight still poured down on to the fine figure of the Austrian with arms outstretched as one crucified, but the lions were no longer visible, nor could Lucas hear any signs of their presence.

He raised himself nervously on one elbow, then cautiously rose to his knees.

The place was silent as the grave. Had they in truth all gone?

This was the question he asked himself, his teeth chattering in his head, his hands cold as ice on this July night—cold from the awful strain upon his nerves.

"Could lions see in the dark?" he caught himself repeating stupidly over and over again.

And then another foolish fancy seized him—he was the last man living on earth. "Someone had told him so—had told him so . . . ." The refrain went on dizzily.

It was the day before the Judgment. A passage out of The Revelation floated up in his hot, wild brain.

It was about the reign of the Beast—the great Beast with the mark on its forehead.

He staggered to his feet, and stood there swaying, staring stupidly down into the circle of light beneath.

Somewhere through the darkness beyond a clock slowly chimed twelve.

He counted the strokes on his fingers, and cowered as the silence fell again.

And then he saw before him the strangest spectacle of all.

Into the lime-light's frozen beam crept a strange figure, crawling, crouching, hesitating as it came.

Its face was a ghastly white, save here and there where ran smearing streaks of red.

The anxious eyes peered out from the mass of paint like tiny twinkling spots, and its clothes were green, bright green and baggy, with weird designs and frilled extremities.

Fascinated, Lucas watched it as in a dream, as every moment it drew nearer to the body of Seldt.

Suddenly his nervous laugh jarred out wildly in the empty air.

The thing sprang to its feet, and stood revealed, and Lucas Warden's laugh choked in his throat, with a little sob of relief. "By heaven!" he cried. "A clown!"

The sense of companionship was overpowering after his deadly loneliness, and, forgetful of the lions, he went forward, springing across the velvet seats and through the broken cage into the arena.

Under any other circumstance, as the two men met and clasped hands like long-divided friends, the scene would have been ludicrous, but Lucas merely recognised a fellow mortal in the quaint figure before him, and the clown the very assistance he needed in the brawny Yorkshireman.

Together, without more ado, they examined Juda Seldt.

He was breathing irregularly, a nasty wound in his left shoulder and still unconscious.

"I reckon we must get him away," said the clown in a thick nasal whisper "but—where? *They* might return at any moment."

He shuddered as he spoke but strange to say Warden's nerve seemed to have suddenly returned.

"Why not the Royal box?" Warden suggested. "It's near and comfortable too." The clown assented, and together they half carried, half dragged the wounded hero to the space Warden had occupied; and then, with an effort little short of Herculean, when one considers the giant's size and the additional disadvantage of their want of proper light, they succeeded in reaching the interior of the box.

They felt about and laid him on the couch, and the clown placed his hand over the Austrian's heart.

"He'll die without stimulant, I guess," he whispered.

In the dim light his round whitened face took on a great resolution.

"See here, stranger," he said quietly, "I'm just off to commandeer that thar cabin buffet. Shut the door to and lie low—anyhow . . . . don't come out. Swear it!—you'll stay with the sick man?"

His courage ashamed the thick-set countryman.

"Let me come too," he urged.

"Reckon, you're safer here," the clown replied with a grim smile, and was gone.

It seemed hours before he returned, his arms full, and shut the door noiselessly behind him.

His first words were:—

"Pull those curtains thar together!"—Warden obeyed mechanically, fumbling with

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the thick cords—and the heavy velvet folds fell across the box blotting out every ray of light.

There was the sound of a striking match and the clown produced a candle from the depths of his capacious pocket.

The relief after the long gloom was profound, and together they turned their attention to the sick man on the sofa.

He lay, the giant whose least word the savage animals had obeyed, limp and unconscious, his face white as death, his eyes closed. His left shoulder was horribly mangled, but the blood had ceased flowing.

They raised him up a little and forced the brandy down his throat—the mangled shoulder they dared not touch.

He opened his eyes and gazed wildly round him, but as they fell upon the clown the man gave a feeble smile, and, turning towards the wall, appeared to fall asleep.

His friend kept his fingers on the giant's

Down the narrow gangway the lion paced until it reached the *débris* of broken bars. . . . Then, with a sudden, cat-like spring, it leapt full into the ring.

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pulse and gradually his anxious face cleared. "That's better," he said at last, with his Yankee drawl; "reckon he'll do!"

He got up and peered out for a moment through the curtains.

"I guess *they're* all over London by now" he remarked cheerily. "Meanwhiles, to refresh the inner man."

He drew two chairs forward and offered one politely to Warden, producing some hardened sandwiches and a bottle of wine.

Seldt was sleeping peacefully, the heavy sleep of exhaustion, and under the flickering candle-light Warden ate and drank and watched his companion's face as he heard the story of the great friendship that had struck up between the two men.

Every now and again the clown would rise and bend over the sleeping form, note his breathing and feel his pulse.

"One of the extra best, I tell you," he said, as he came back to the consumption of the last sandwich. "As good a mate as a chap could want, cute and fearless, and yet he wouldn't hurt a mouse. I reckon it'll break his 'eart when 'e hears of to-night's bad business; he loves his lions—just dotes on 'em."

"I wonder what they're up to now?" said Warden thoughtfully.

"There's a window just above here that gives upon the squar',"—the clown was turning it over in his brain. "I don't believe they're in the building," he resumed. "Darned if I don't go and have a squint!"

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Warden promptly. "Better stay here and look after our friend."

But the clown's curiosity was aroused, he opened the door cautiously a chink and listened.

The silence was intense, as he slipped through into the corridor, matches in hand. "'Ll be back in half-a-shake," he whispered, "so long!"—and departed.

When he returned, his face was ablaze with excitement, but first of all he went to peep at the sleeping man.

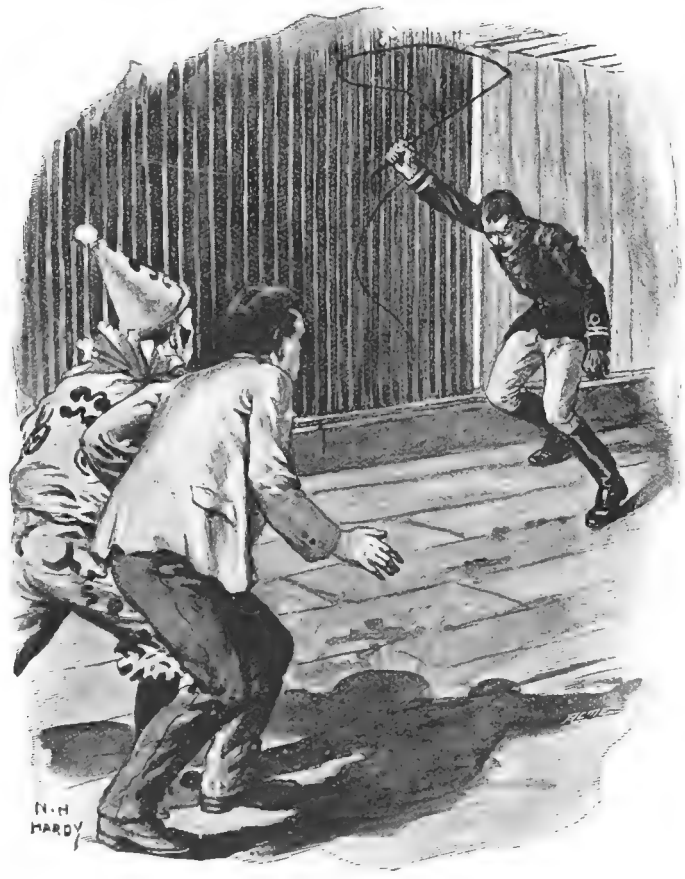
His pulse was slower, and they forced more brandy between his pale set lips.

The clown was evidently anxious.

"No mortal chance of getting him away," he whispered, "*they*'re all about, out *thar*." He pointed south. "You never saw such a sight, I bet! There's all the lamps aburning, but the streets are like Sahara—there ain't no 'ansoms nor a single living creature—barring lions—no perlicemen nor drunkards—nor yet women! It might be a Sabbath day down country.

"Four of 'em prospectin', 'ave found a butcher's shop—I'll lay my bottom dollar there ain't much meat thar by to-morrow!

"Down in Leicester Squar', a lion's busy guarding the Al'ambra—looks most Moorish and regal," he chuckled softly; "and where the fourteen others are, the Almighty only knows!"



"Who's afraid of lions?"

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The wounded man moaned in his sleep and the Yankee was by his side in a moment.

"I hope to goodness they won't come back," said Warden anxiously. "I wish we could get him safely away."

He pointed towards the sofa and poked up the candle carefully with a pin.

"Ya—as," drawled the American, "but you can't fix it up, my friend. We're hemmed in, so to speak, and 'ere we stays."

He hummed a march under his breath and kept one eye on Juda Seldt.

The last candle flickered and went out and Warden drew the curtain cautiously back.

The lime-light had long ago died a natural death, but the first faint glimmer of dawn hovered in the cupola, like a thin intangible mist.

Gradually, as the two men watched in silence, the light extended.

Now they could dimly see the outlines of the stage.

Suddenly Lucas started.

"Who's that?" he whispered. Something seemed to move in the deeper gloom of the main exit from the stalls.

The Yankee caught his arm with a grip of iron. "S'sh!" he hissed.

Away in the distance they heard the soft pad-pad of treading paws.

The lions had returned.

How long they sat there waiting neither of the two men afterwards could count, but at last out of the darkness came the lowered massive head and swaying form.

Down the narrow gangway the lion paced until it reached the *débris* of broken bars.

Here it paused uncertainly, moving its shaggy head from right to left; then with a sudden cat-like spring leapt full into the ring.

It stood there switching its tail uneasily, and a moment later a lioness slunk down noiselessly and joined it.

Somewhere from the body of the building came a low, purring snarl, and the first lion threw back its head and took up the challenge boldly.

A mighty roar boomed out through the empty house in echo upon echo, grand, overpowering, unanswerable.

The sick man on the sofa started up and reached out instinctively for the whip which had dropped from his nerveless fingers only on entering the box. His eyes were ablaze with fever, which lent his giant frame a wonderful power.

"For God's sake lie still!" said Warden hoarsely. "I tell you the lions are out!"

"Out?" said Seldt inquiringly. He passed his hand in a dazed way over his head, and, tossing himself free from the other's agonised grasp, strode to the edge of the box. His face was deadly pale, but he held his head up firmly, and as they gazed they saw suddenly the light of understanding in his eyes. Without a word he swung himself slowly over the edge of the box and dropped into the seats below.

They heard the quick in-drawn breath as the jar shot through his injured side, but the next moment he was crossing the gangway brandishing the whip as of old in his firm right hand.

His left arm hung down useless by his side from the stiff shoulder where the dried blood stained the grey uniform he wore.

He had reached the arena now and crossed through the narrow opening.

"Menelik!" the word rang out through the house, and the great brute cowered as the thong fell across its tawny flanks.

With a quick movement he swerved aside, his back against the bars, as a lion bounded through the gap from its hiding place beyond the stalls.

"Ah! Would you? Pasha!"

The whip rang out twice, and a sulky snarl broke the air.

One by one, by voice, by the whip, by the power of his will, he drove the angry skulking brutes before him down the barred gangway that led to their daily cages.

In the Royal box above, the two men watched in breathless excitement, counting, fearing, hoping.

"Nineteen! twenty! twenty-one!"

At last the number was complete.

"Come on," said Warden, his face ablaze with enthusiasm, and they raced across, leaping down the seats and into the deserted ring.

In the distance they heard the clang of iron doors, and at last, after what seemed an eternity, the figure of Seldt appeared, whip still in hand, wan, tottering, but triumphant.

"Lions!" he laughed with a last weak flourish of his lash, "who's—afraid—of *lions!*" and, swerving forward, he fell fainting at their feet.

The sunlight blazed down merrily into the empty circus, showing up the faded gorgeousness of the gold and velvet, the broken, twisted bars and overturned seats.

Outside in the streets people were peering timidly through the shuttered windows, and in the distance came the rumble of the Covent Garden carts.

The long night of terror was over at last, and sleeping London awoke to power again.

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The Elopement

COME frost, before mine heart doth break,
And bridge me over yonder lake,
Come snow, and hide me with thy veil,
Come bitter wind and biting hail;
Then shall the drowsy warder seek,
A stolen shelter in the keep.

Young Jessie, she sits in her island home,
A prison from whence she never can roam;
For her favour is borne at the lance of a knight,
While her father's a baron of substance and might.
Sing ho! for the baron, sigh hey! for the lass—
Father John, he will preach to the maid after mass.

The frost has come and formed the ice,
The knight has crossed its surface twice,
The snow falls thick and covers all,
And none will hear the warder's call,
For sheltered in the donjon keep
He guards the castle fast asleep.

The baron he sits in his island home,
And knows not his daughter afar doth roam;
Father John has gone, too, and under his frock
Knightly armour he wears that at danger may mock.
Sigh hey! for the baron, sing ho! for the lass;
They are miles from the castle instead of at mass.

F. F.

Google

PLAY THAT MAKES THE BABY STRONG

By Margaret Collinson.

Illustrated with Photographs specially taken for this article.

People are beginning more and more to discover that without physical exercise of one kind or another, one cannot hope, in these days, to keep one's health, or to find strength to cope with the immense demand made on brain and body. For the tendency of the time is, undoubtedly, more and more to sedentary occupation, to work that, more or less, makes demand of our brain power, and gives our bodies no healthy exercise. And then the break-neck pace of our modern life! It is hurry, hurry, hurry from morning to night; and ever more grudgingly do we accept the fact that life is not all work, that, to live at all, it is absolutely necessary to have a decent amount of recreation and rest.

And the wisest of us use our few hours of ease in pursuit of some pastime that shall be healthy, as well as delightful. The modern girl seeks her pleasure in golf, rowing, tennis, cycling, cricket even, gymnastics, fencing, and —boxing; the modern man in all these, with the addition of some rougher pastimes, such as football, and an ever-increasing number of men never go to bed at night without using some patent developer, or exercising with a pair of dumb-bells.

So much for the adult. But the rising generation should be our chief concern: how to fit our children for the struggle of life, which with every year, is becoming more strenuous; how to give them sufficient strength to cope with ever-increasing competition; how, in short, to make them perfect men and women.

"Play," says a famous doctor, "is the salvation of children. It builds strong, healthy, and beautiful bodies. If you wish your children to be as other children, encourage them in every way, to play active, vigorous, even violent games; their muscles will always indicate when they have had enough. Where one child has harmed itself by too vigorous exercise, one million, at least, have suffered for the need of it."

Now this article should be read carefully by all the mothers and fathers of Great Britain. It shows how play may be made incalculably important in a child's development. Each of the exercises illustrated here are the result of careful analysis, and have for their *raison d'être*, the exercising of certain important muscles of the child's body. I may say that I myself have tested the efficiency of these exercises on various children, and have proved them, if kept up regularly, of immense benefit.

It is an axiom which Sandow and all authorities on physical development lay stress upon, that exercise, however regularly and conscientiously performed, is of no earthly use unless the performer concentrates his mind on his every movement. Ten minutes' exercise done with strenuous concentration is far and away better than an hour's exercise done mechanically or unwillingly. But as it would be next to impossible to get a young child to concentrate his mind in the same manner as an adult, you must be careful to make him enjoy the exercises he has to go through; and how can one better make them enjoyable than by getting the child to believe

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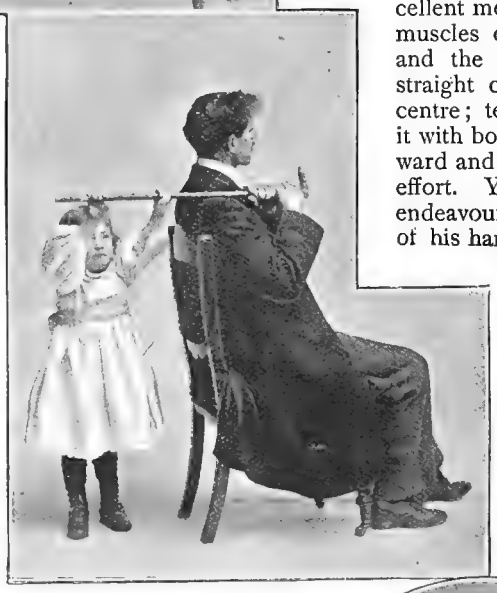
This exercise, described in the article, is excellent for strengthening the muscles of the abdomen.

them the parts of an interesting game? Upon a game every child unconsciously concentrates his mind, and especially if that game consists of movements or feats which you tell the young performer that you believe he cannot do, and subsequently express your wonder and admiration at his achieving after all.

Let us now go into details, and take the exercises one by one. The first on page 256 has for its purpose the strengthening of the muscles of the abdomen. Get the child to recline on his back, the head slightly raised. Now place one hand on both his ankles, and the other about a foot over his head. Then ask him to rise and touch his forehead with your hand, continuing this several times, until the little performer is tired. As strength is gained, and it will astonish you how rapidly this is brought about, increase the distance of the hand from the head to make the exercise more difficult.

The following photograph illustrates an exercise especially good for expanding and developing the intercostal and other muscles of the chest. Seat yourself in a chair, with a small walking stick grasped in your hand, and placed over your shoulder at such a height that the child can, without difficulty, reach it. Now tell him to try and pull the stick down, and let him occasionally succeed, so as to give interest to the game.



In order to expand the muscles of the chest, get the child to pull down the stick.

Our third illustration shows a simple exercise which is capital for strengthening the muscles in front of the shoulders. Place your forefinger on a small table just so far from the child that he is able to grasp it with one or with both hands, keeping his elbows straight. Now tell him you feel certain that he cannot raise your finger from the table without pulling the finger horizontally.

Our fourth exercise is an excellent means for developing the muscles of the arm, the back, and the legs. Hold a stick straight out, grasping it in the centre; tell the child to seize on it with both hands; now pull forward and get him to resist your effort. You are apparently to endeavour to pull the stick out of his hands without twisting it.

Another exercise for developing the muscles of the legs, back, shoulders, and arms is shown in our next illustration. You must place one or more fingers on the floor, and tell the child to see how high he can lift them.

An excellent exercise for developing the muscles in front of the shoulders

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Just resist sufficiently to allow him to lift them with considerable effort, and fool him into the belief that you cannot hold your fingers on the floor.

To strengthen the muscles of the waist and sides, grasp a stick as shown in our sixth illustration, and tell the child that you do not believe that he has the strength to *twist* it out of your hand. Make him struggle vigorously and with all his might to do it, and do not give way till he is thoroughly tired out.

In order to bring into play the muscles on the front part of the child's upper arm, place one or more fingers on your forehead as shown in our seventh illustration. Get the child to stand some distance away from you, so that he can just reach your fingers, and make him pull them away from your forehead. Now, the child is supposed to do this by merely bending his arms; see that he does not do it by throwing back his body.

For expanding the chest muscles our last exercise is very useful. Hold your hands together, all the finger tips touching; get the child to grasp hold of your forefinger, make him attempt to pull the hands apart, and when, after much effort, he has done so, hold the hands a foot away from each other, and ask him to bring them together again.

Get the child to resist your efforts to pull the stick towards you.

So much, then, for exercise; but exercise, of course, in itself, is quite useless if you allow the child to live an otherwise unhealthy life. And whether you live in the country or the town, whether you happen to be rich or poor, it is really so easy to see that your children get what is best for them.

This exercise develops the muscles of the legs, back, shoulders, and arms.

Make the child struggle vigorously to twist the stick out of your hand.

To take their diet, for instance—a vastly important item, and here the danger lies, not in giving the child too little, but in over-feeding him. For if a child is overfed, he becomes an easy prey to all manner of ugly diseases. Modern doctors, and especially American doctors, who have given much attention to the subject, advise parents to bring their children up almost entirely on vegetarian diet. But, in our meat-eating country, it will, I fear, be a long while before people will find the courage to follow this advice. A child should never **be allowed to eat between meals, and, above all, never forced to eat what he does not like.**

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The child must pull the finger from your forehead without throwing back its body.

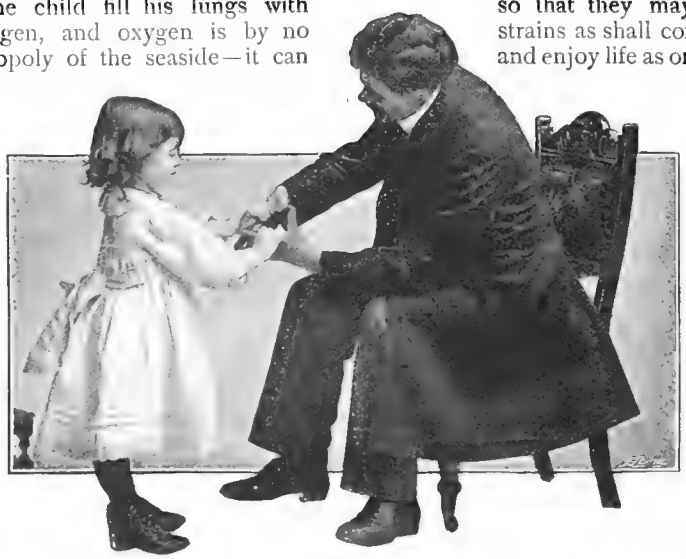
Very careful attention should be given to the child's clothing. And *the less* clothing a child wears the faster he will grow, both in strength and size. Nothing delays physical development like too many clothes.

Then let the child fill his lungs with plenty of oxygen, and oxygen is by no means a monopoly of the seaside—it can be found in London, Manchester, Glasgow, and other great towns. Never allow a child from the day of his birth to sleep in a room that has not been thoroughly aired; and be careful to have the windows of his sleeping room open during the winter as well as the summer. And in the daytime let him live as much as possible out of doors.

Teach your child to like cold water. Accustom him to it, and to cleanliness as well, for cleanliness is not only delightful, but eminently healthy. Give him a vigorous soap-and-water rub every other day, and one or two cold water baths each day, according to his vitality.

If mothers only knew the health-giving properties of cold water properly applied and used, they would take advantage of this Nature's medicine far more extensively than they do. In these days there is every opportunity offered, even in the most humble districts, for people to indulge in baths, both hot and cold, for where the houses are not fitted with bath-rooms, public wash-houses are to be found with the latest conveniences and appliances. In the case of young children, however, it is not necessary even to have a bath-room, as the ordinary portable baths to be obtained at any ironmongers for a couple of shillings or half-a-crown are quite large enough for the purposes required.

Let me therefore, in conclusion, urge all parents to see to it, that their children are not only trained up morally and mentally in a manner suited to enable them to fight their way in the battle of life, but also physically, so that they may endure such strains as shall come upon them, and enjoy life as only those whose bodies are strong and healthy and vigorous can do. It was by thus attending zealously to the physical training of their children that the ancient Spartan mothers reared a race whose fame has reached our day.



Another exercise for expanding the muscles of the chest.

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By George G. Magnus.

"Captain Farquharson?" said Miss Millicent meditatively.

I am Captain Farquharson, and I hastened to place my cup on a firmer pedestal than my knee afforded.

"Miss Millicent?" said I, all attention.

"I wonder if you would take me—?" she began, dropping her words out one by one, and then stopped altogether.

"Only too delighted," I murmured by way of encouragement, drawing my chair a trifle closer to the little girl.

She was seated behind a large palm. In my opinion, palms of sensible dimensions, when arranged with nice perception, are an invaluable embellishment to a room.

With evident effort, Miss Millicent ceased studying the pointed extremity of her tiny shoe, and raised her brown eyes to mine.

"I know you are a V.C.—don't interrupt, please—but I question whether you will have sufficient courage to—"

She stopped again and this time smiled provokingly.

I considered it only politic immediately to dispel such a serious doubt.

"Anything—" I began earnestly, and I was so carried away that I caught her hand. It is a habit of which I have repeatedly failed to break myself.

"Well"—and with gentle firmness she withdrew her hand—"you know that I assist at a Band of Hope? Unfortunately, Miss Queller—she is the head of it—"

"Very appropriate name," I ventured to remark.

I had heard of Miss Queller and her Band of Hope. Both had earned a wide-spread reputation.

"Oh! please don't keep on interrupting me when I'm doing my best to explain," cried Miss Millicent almost crossly.

I apologised.

"Let me see, where had I got to?"

"Not far," I answered guiltily. "You had reached the head assistant."

"Oh, yes. Well, she is ill! And so is Miss Cainhem——"

"Another appropriate — I beg your pardon!"

Miss Millicent favoured me with a severe glance, and continued in an awed whisper:

"And so I, alone and unassisted, have to take charge of the whole band to-night! And, oh! they are such terrible boys! I have asked everyone of my girl friends to

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help me, but they refused point blank—they —are—all—afraid!"

She looked at me. Her eyes are remarkable.

I simply jumped at the mute appeal so plainly expressed in them. This was the very opportunity I had been pining for. At last my luck was in the ascendant.

"If you will allow me to offer my humble services——"

"Oh, will you really? You really will come and look after me?"

Her relief was most gratifying.

"Most certainly. Charmed—to look after you—and the terrible boys."

"Of course, that's what I meant—to look after the boys. But there will be the girls too, you know."

"I will look after them all," said I, magnanimously.

She took my word for it without looking up.

"Some of the girls are dear little things," she remarked quite innocently.

"I agree with you emphatically!"

Then Miss Millicent blushed, and I wondered whether she was aware how perfectly sweet that blush made her look.

When the other callers departed, I remained.

Miss Millicent's mamma, upon hearing the reason, proceeded to thank me most warmly. I endeavoured hard to appear as if I deserved it. Finally, however, her repeated references to my kindness made me feel quite uncomfortable. She seemed to entirely overlook her daughter's obvious attractions.

On the way to the headquarters of the "Band of Hope" Miss Millicent was almost cheerful. I was cheerfulness itself.

We arrived ten minutes too early, but already there was an enormous crowd of boys and girls pressing round the doors.

I was obliged to clear a way for my companion by main force.

As the said crowd only treated our arrival with tolerant curiosity, I was obliged to clear a way for my companion by main force.

The male part of the community evidently considered this proceeding a personal slight, for I caught many scathing observations — entirely masculine—before I managed to close the door against them.

"Oh, you shouldn't have done it!"

I turned on my heel, and to my surprise found Miss Millicent looking quite pale.

"Done what?" I asked apprehensively. "Shut the door?"

"No, pushed through them like that?" she gasped.

Commiseration beamed from her eyes. I laughed aloud; I could not help it.

"What will they do to me?" I whispered anxiously. I may mention that I stand six-feet two in my socks.

Before my sympathetic companion could reply there was a loud bang at the door, quickly followed by louder bangs. I found myself appreciating the stout construction of that door.

"Oh, do let them in, Captain!" cried Miss Millicent between the reports. "We never dare keep them waiting. And please do be polite to them; I know their temperament——"

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But here her voice was drowned as if by a volley of musketry.

She vanished forthwith. I proceeded to "let them in" as requested. This, however, was difficult, owing to the tremendous pressure from without.

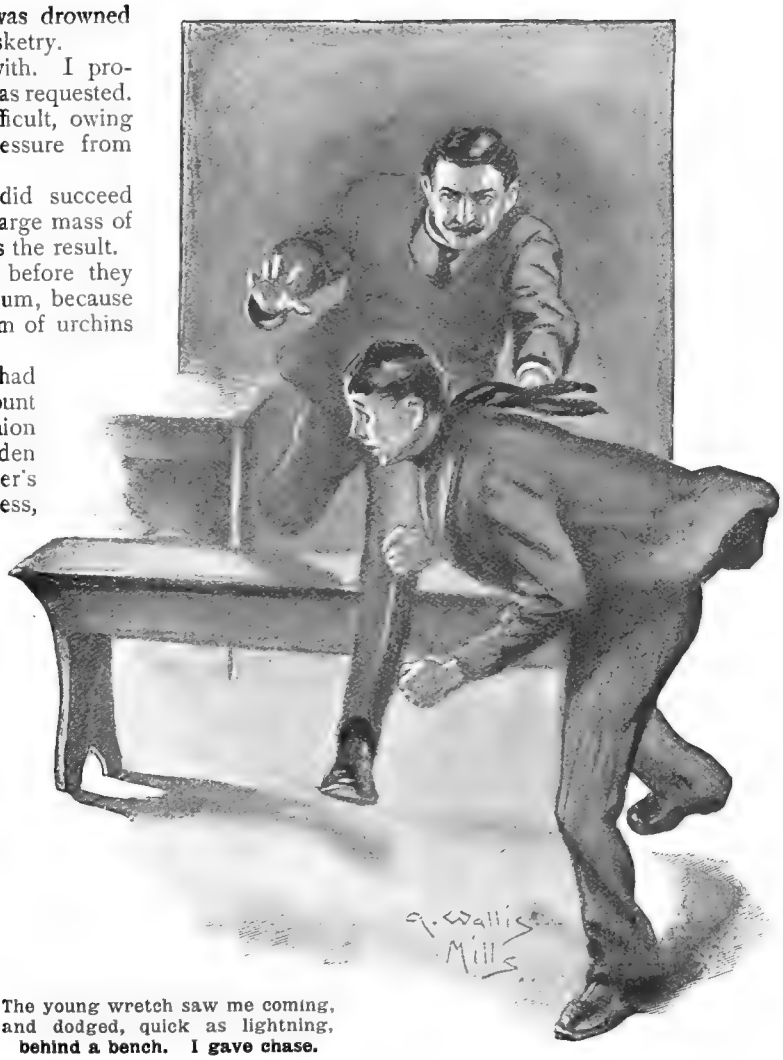
Eventually, when I did succeed in freeing the bolts, a large mass of sprawling humanity was the result.

Some time elapsed before they regained their equilibrium, because of the impetuous stream of urchins in the rear.

After the scuffle had abated, two lads, on account of a difference of opinion as to which had trodden hardest upon the other's leg during its progress, began to slowly remove their coats.

I considered it advisable to postpone this warlike argument, so peremptorily cleared the passage.

When, having closed the door, I made tracks for the schoolroom, the combined odour of peppermint and orange that assailed my nostrils almost overcame me. Evidently they were the predominant features in the way of refreshment.



The young wretch saw me coming, and dodged, quick as lightning, behind a bench. I gave chase.

The sight that met my eyes as I entered is still fresh in my memory. Miss Millicent was standing on a platform at the end of the room, gesticulating and shouting wildly. I inferred the latter, as her dear little mouth was open to its fullest extent, for no words reached me. The din was appalling.

A sort of hurdle race was in progress, the benches being utilised for hurdles.

The youngsters who refused to evacuate their seats for the furthering of the exciting sport, were being bodily overturned. The result was a running riot.

I was determined to restore order at whatever cost. I had not idly promised to look after the little girl who was then so fearfully frightened at the other end of the room. I intended her to see that I would uphold her dignity even against rabble such as this. But the perplexing question was—how or where to begin. My presence was soon noted. However, I found that instead of tending to allay the uproar, it only increased it. In fact, there was more howling and whistling, more stamping of feet, more seats overturned, and a game of leap frog was started—all simply out of pure bravado.

My first step was to spot the leader. Under the circumstances this was difficult, but at last I did spot him. He was a scraggy gentleman with flaming red hair.

I went for him. The young wretch saw me coming, and dodged quick as lightning behind a bench. I gave chase.

There was a perceptible lull in the storm.

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As the excitement rose, the young rioters rose too—on to the seats, and shouted encouragement and advice to their carrotty-headed chief.

At length, with a strategic movement, I suddenly cornered the enemy, and made a grab at him. But he darted under my outstretched arm, and was escaping amidst much cheering, when I tripped him up adroitly with my foot. Before he could rise I pounced upon him greedily. At the same moment a perfect shower of sticky black peppermints, orange peel, and peas, flew about my head.

The spirit of battle was upon me now, and I took no notice of such trifles, but, raising my captive prize in my arms, nursed him like a big baby while I "faced the music."

"Boys," I cried, removing a peppermint from my forehead.

Silence reigned for a brief second, and a youth, with a burglarious face remarked ironically: "By gum! aint 'e brave!"

This was the signal for jeers of "Yah! bully!" "Yer wouldn't take me an' my young brother on!" "'E won't 'urt yer, guv'nor!" "You'd be funky to 'it one yer own size!" and so on.

"Boys," I repeated, biting my moustache hard—I find this enables me the better to control my emotions—"here is your general." And I held out the kicking ringleader at arm's length by the seat of his nether garments, with serious risk to the same.

"Yus, we can hall see 'im, guv'nor!" observed a boy with a very big head.

I bit my moustache harder.

"I have a proposal to make——"

"Don't mind hus!" said the same boy with a grin. "We won't look guv'nor, honour bright!"

I ignored the interruption, and trusted Miss Millicent had not heard it.

"Take your seats, and he can remain in this room. Refuse, and I carry him outside. Which is it to be? Quick, decide!"

There was a surprised hush. Then the noisy urchins looking the picture of bewilderment and injured dignity, replaced the forms and took their places.

The kicking ringleader was evidently popular or feared.

I placed him upon his feet again.

"Your name?" I asked.

Immediately there was a roar of "Ginger" from every throat in the room.

"Very well, Ginger," said I, "you may return to your seat and behave yourself, or —out of the room you go!"

"Got hanythink helse you'd like to say, Long'un?" inquired Ginger.

I looked at him. My chums declare a look from me when I am angry goes a long way.

Ginger took his seat, sulkily but noislessly, and a murmur of astonishment rose to the ceiling.

I walked over to Miss Millicent. She raised her expressive eyes to mine. The undisguised admiration I saw in them, made me resolve to tip Ginger handsomely before we parted company.

While Miss Millicent was informing me that she had lost the notes on the subject she had intended to speak upon, I observed at the back of the room the owner of the enormous head unearth from a match-box a cigarette end.

Highly interested, I awaited further developments. I had not to wait long. He promptly placed the end in his mouth, and lit it with studious care. Then, with evident satisfaction, he proceeded to blow the reeking smoke through his nostrils.

Whereupon the boy with the burglar's face called out: "Save us the end, Freckles."

"There ain't goin' to be no end," replied the smoker loftily.

This neat rejoiner took me so unawares that I laughed outright.

Every child gazed at me with open-mouthed amazement.

"Ginger," said I, quickly recovering myself, "what is the name of the boy with the big head at the back of the room?"

"The bloke as is blowin' rings?" whispered Ginger, with visible admiration.

"Answer me."

"'Enery 'Opkins, and 'is father is in quod, and 'is mother——"

I stopped my over eager informant sharply. He subsided, looking hurt at my lack of interest in the family history.

"Henry Hopkins," I said quietly, "step up here?"

"'Ow much?" queried 'Enery.

"Do you hear me?"

What was left of the cigarette was carefully returned to the match-box, and the haughty smoker strutted up to the platform.

"You were smoking?"

"Was I really?"

"Go outside and throw away what you were smoking and return to me."

He looked flabbergasted for a moment, then exclaimed "Rats!" and began to giggle.

I did not lose my temper. I won't say that

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I felt disinclined to punch his head, but a vision of the poor lad's up-bringing flashed across my mind, and I longed for an interview with his father.

"Please obey me, Henry," was all I said, and I saw Miss Millicent glance kindly at me.

As for 'Enery 'Opkins, he looked me up and down, and bowed low with elaborate magnificence and mock politeness.

"If yer puts it that way I'll oblige yer," and head on high, he swaggered out of the room in perfect imitation of an up-to-date dandy, banging the door after him.

I turned to conceal a smile I could not restrain, and also to sympathise with the dejected owner of the lost notes.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she asked.

I stroked my moustache thoughtfully.

"Why not tell them a story?" I suggested. "An interesting story. One that will both appeal to and elevate your audience, don't you know."

"But I don't know any elevating stories!" This, hopelessly.

"Why not make one up then? I've known you long enough to feel sure you are equal to it."

At that moment Henry returned, and took his place with much ostentation at the back of the room.

I looked at him once, twice, and he came slouching up to the platform. I noticed he still carried the match-box in his hand.

It was open, and the remains of the cigarette had disappeared.

"Have you obeyed?" I asked.

"Yus, I chucked the bloomin' fag on the doorstep, and danced a 'ornpipe on it," he answered surlily.

"I believe you," said I. "Take your seat."

He hesitated, while a dull red colour came into his white freckled face.

"Sit down!"

He walked off, stopped, and came slowly back.

"Well?"

"Did yer say as 'ow yer believed me?"

"Certainly," I replied.

Then, to my surprise, he pulled out the cigarette end from behind his ear.

"It wor a lie, sir," he said, looking down.

Miss Millicent rose, nervous but determined.

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"Oh, my eye! Ain't Freckles turnin' sainty all at once!" sneered a voice from the back.

"The boy who spoke then, leave the building immediately!"

"'Tain't likely I should take it with me!" said the burglarious one rising.

"And if he takes my advice," I added quietly, "he won't stay to be told twice."

It was lucky for that boy that he acted promptly on my suggestion, for it was only with the greatest restraint I kept my hands off him.

He made for the door, looking very scared, and he did not slam it. My voice must have been the cause. When I am dangerous, my voice usually betrays it.

That was the last I have seen of him. He has since been sent to a reformatory. I was not surprised to hear it.

As the door shut, I turned again to Henry. I found myself taking an uncommon fancy to the sharp-witted, stunted lad.

"Come here, my boy."

He came, and looked me in the face.

"I am glad you confessed your lie," I said gently. "Henry, shake hands."

Very hesitatingly the thin, grimy hand was placed in mine, and in that hand-grip was the turning point of his life.

There was grit in the lad. I saw it—who better than a soldier!—and I determined to make it my duty to bring that grit to the surface. (Future results have more than justified my hopes.)

After my new friend had sat down amidst silent wonderment, I risked the announcement that Miss Millicent was going to tell a story.

This was greeted by varied ejaculations.

"Sure to be about booze!" exclaimed one depreciatingly.

"'Nother Band of 'Ope yarn as sure as my name's Bill," jerked out a second, whilst a third remarked decisively: "Certain to 'ave 'eard it 'undreds of times afore from old Queller!"

Here Miss Millicent rose, nervous but determined, and the noise died down to a whisper. How I blessed every child in the room at that moment!

"I am going to tell you a true story," she began. "Something that actually happened."

I noticed significant glances being exchanged while she paused.

"I am going to relate an incident in the Afghan War. The bravest deed I have ever heard of." And she looked at me.

An electric thrill ran through my veins. How much can be conveyed in the meeting of two pairs of eyes.

A murmur of suppressed excitement greeted her words, and the room settled down to listen in real earnest.

Then Miss Millicent told how an officer in Her Majesty's service rescued a comrade—a wounded Tommy—from the clutches of a few howling hillmen.

Any soldier similarly situated would have done the same, and not thought twice about it; but the dear little girl who was telling of the act seemed to think otherwise. She succeeded in making me feel downright uncomfortable.

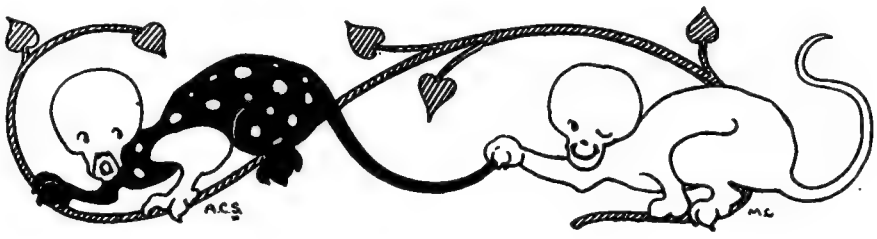
When the tale was ended, and with a hesitating glance in my direction, the narrator had made known the officer's identity, the astonished urchins naturally concluded they were expected to cheer. Ginger led them. And by Jove they did cheer—cheered as if they meant it, too.

As for me—well, I was watching the inspirer of those cheers.

At last the excited youngsters departed, with 'Enery 'Opkins hoisted high upon two shoulders (this exalted position was due, it transpired, to his having shaken my hand), and the blushing little hero-worshipper and I were left alone.

I always take care of her now at these affairs. My right is indisputable.

A ring encircles the third finger of her left hand. We call it our "Band of Hope."



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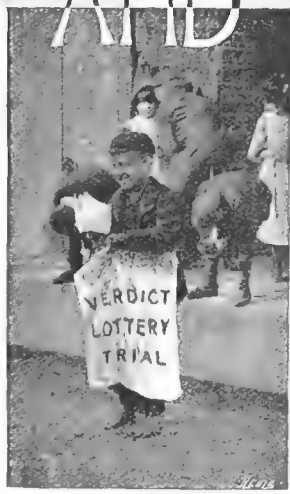
THEN AND NOW

THE CHANGES OF A CENTURY.

By Hector Grainger.

Illustrated from Photographs and Old Engravings.

A few days after the publication of this article, the friendly, familiar, and wonderful nineteenth century will have slipped away from us and joined its deceased compeers in the silent and spacious country of the past. Even to the least imaginative it will, I think, be a strange and thrilling moment when the church bells ring out the hour of midnight on the last day of the century, and to the most thoughtful among us what hosts of queer and interesting reflections will that moment call up, what thrilling sensations, what infinite memories, personal and historical! The minds of my younger readers will doubtless look forward into the coming years of the century and all the marvels and vast events they are pretty certain to bring; while the others, those who have gone through fifty or sixty years out of the hundred just finished, will think of the extraordinary changes that have occurred during their lifetime. And all of us, both young and old, when we drink each other's health at midnight—a charming custom, fast decaying, but which I trust will be revived, if only on this auspicious occasion—must not forget to toast the newborn century and to wish it all prosperity.



The upper picture shows the Government Lottery Wheel being escorted by the Guards from Somerset House to Coopers' Hall to be drawn. The lower picture speaks for itself.

It is a matter of common knowledge that life changes ever more swiftly and drastically with each new century. Between the seventeenth and the eighteenth there was a far lesser difference than between the eighteenth and the nineteenth, and the changes between the beginning of this century and its close are so sensationally great as to be out of all proportion to those of any preceding century. Discoveries and inventions, with all the innumerable events and innovations that they give rise to, are the most potent factors of change, and up to about the commencement of the nineteenth century the two most important discoveries were that of America and that of gunpowder; the greatest invention—perhaps the greatest invention of all time, certainly the most far-reaching in its results—the invention of printing. But whereas these

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An old oil lamp, such as was used in the streets of London a hundred years ago, and the latest type of electric lamp.

were scattered over many hundreds of years, the nineteenth century alone has given birth to a couple of world-changing discoveries which, in their turn, have brought forth innumerable inventions, each of which has played its part in altering the whole aspect of life. I allude, of course, to the discoveries of steam and electricity, or, rather, to the discoveries of how to make use of them. Reflect a moment on how many of your everyday actions either steam or electricity has not some influence or other.

If you think over it long enough you will be astonished to find that almost everything you do is in some way—often very remotely, of course—connected with these discoveries, or some one of the discoveries sprung from them. For before the advent of steam and electricity there was practically nothing worthy of the name of machinery, and in what walk of life does not machinery play some vital part? Machinery! Why, when you come to think of it, are not steam and electricity turning the whole world into a vast machine, ourselves included? Chance, which was so important a factor in the lives and doings of our forefathers, is gradually being eliminated—as far as it is possible to eliminate chance—from modern life. Rapidity, regularity, monotony, punctuality, are not these the prime attributes of machinery? Do they not also describe our own lives? And are they not, with every succeeding year, becoming more and more an integral part of us?

The photographs and old prints which illustrate this article were chosen not so much in order to show the vast strides we have made during the century, as the quaint changes, sometimes a mere matter of form or dress, which have taken place in the byways of life. Our pictures of postmen, milk-vendors, costers, police, and Chelsea pensioners, are cases to the point; but if we examine any one of them carefully, we shall be able to detect something in the seemingly trifling changes between "then and now," which indicates far more than appears at first glance, and typifies or bears witness to the enormous and radical changes which have occurred between the birth and death of the century. Observe the two postmen, for instance. Their difference is mainly in costume; but what do those top-boots of the forefather of our up-to-date Mercury tell us? That their wearer had to walk a long distance, and might expect muddy roads. The fact is, that a postman in the

The merry-go-round of a hundred years ago, and an up-to-date example. This latter is worked by steam, has spring horses, and is accompanied by music.

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youth of the century made one tour a day (sometimes even less than that) over a wide area, the recipients of letters being comparatively few and far between. To hold a correspondence, and especially with friends living in foreign parts, was at that time an expensive undertaking, and hazardous into the bargain. For one letter that goes astray at the present time, ten, at least, went astray in the early century. Look at the former postman's bag. So small, and yet it contains a whole day's delivery—fifty letters at the most! And these, not for one or two streets merely, but a whole district! Our town postman is smartly dressed, and wears a pair of ordinary thick-soled boots; he has no wide district to travel, no roads ankle-deep in mud; his rounds are up and down a few well-paved and comparatively cleanly streets, not with one small satchel dangling from his wrist, but with a capacious bag filled at least a dozen times a day.

A milkmaid at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The milkmaid, the watchman, the Chelsea pensioner, and the coster of olden days excelled their predecessors in one respect, and in one respect only—I mean in the picturesqueness of their appearance. Are not the bygone postmen and pensioners delightful figures? The watchman no less, with his long ulster, nor'-wester, lanthorn, and club! Our own Robert looks, no doubt, sprucer and more workmanlike, but his is not exactly the figure to embellish a picture. Even the aged female coster and her quaint turn-out is better to look upon than the coster of to-day, despite his donkey and cart. And as to the milkmaid—can anything more delicious be imagined than her appearance? There is no doubt about it; we have gained on our predecessors in nearly every practical point—but we have lost in picturesqueness, and are losing daily!

The postman of a hundred years ago——

How our milk is delivered at the beginning of the twentieth century.

——and the postman of to-day.

Perhaps the most interesting of our contrasts is given in the two pictures at the head of this article. The one shows the Guards of a hundred years ago escorting the Government lottery wheel from Somerset House to Cooper's Hall to be drawn; the other, an emphatically modern snapshot, is silently eloquent. Times have changed indeed. Up to the year 1826 a Government lottery was a very popular method of raising money in England, and in France lotteries were not prohibited until twelve years later. Private lotteries, with the exception of the Royal Oak Lottery, were put a stop to in England as early as 1696, in spite of which the

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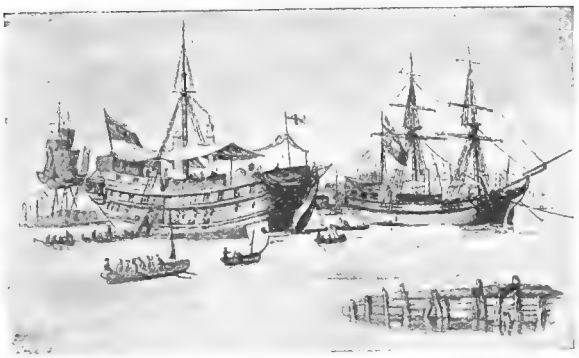

Prison hulks on the Thames, off the Tower, for the reception of sailors seized by the press-gang.

Government, authorised by a special Act of Parliament, raised annually large sums by lotteries. The prizes given generally took the form of terminable or perpetual annuities. Men with red leather books—"morocco men," as they were called—travelled about the country selling the tickets, and the drawing generally extended over a period of forty days. From 1793 to 1824 the Government made an annual yearly profit of over £346,765; and some of the contractors are said to have spent £40,000 in advertisements in a single year!

To-day we are a virtuous people; we strongly applaud our Government for prohibiting lotteries. But when any audacious individual starts a scheme perilously like lottery, if not lottery itself, calling it merely by another name, we back him up with the utmost enthusiasm. Yes, yes, we are a virtuous nation, and we hate anything approaching hypocrisy!

Another contrast worthy of attention is that on the present page. The upper picture shows a prison hulk on the Thames, off the Tower, that immediately below it, a Naval recruiting station. It was to such prison hulks as in the illustration that impressed sailors were incarcerated before being spirited away to the seat of war. The press-gang! It is indeed hard to imagine that less than a hundred years ago such a villainous body was abroad stealing, not mere silver or jewellery, but men—husbands from their families, sons from

A modern Naval recruiting station.

The changes of a century in the costermonger's business. The up-to-date barrow is drawn by a donkey or pony, and its wheels have rubber tyres.

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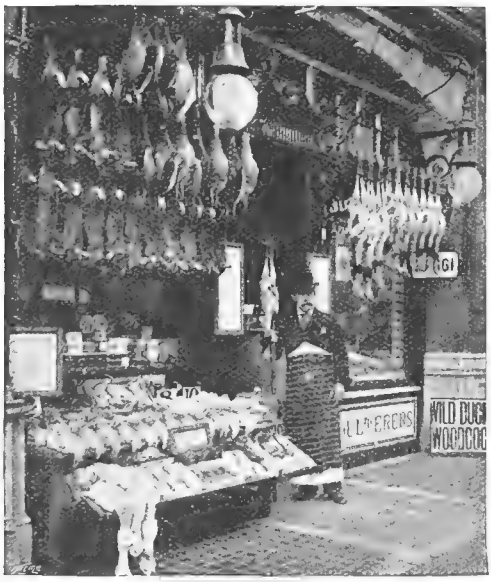
their parents! We have all heard of the press-gang and its exploits. How a man might leave his house at night to fetch a doctor for his wife or child, and suddenly vanish as though the earth had swallowed him, never to be seen again by his friends, never again to be heard of, except, perhaps, as having fallen in some battle in the Mediterranean or the far-off Indian seas. Well, recruiting is a very different matter to-day, and the wonder is that the nation should have stood the press-gang and its violent methods so long as it did.

In the old days watchmen, "Charleys," as they were called, had well nigh as many tribulations as the "Bobby" of our own times. Young bloods "flown with insolence and wine," made them the favourite object of all manner of pranks, that read, no doubt, very funnily, but were anything but funny to the unfortunate "Charley." But his worst foes were the so-called "Mohawks," equivalents of the modern Hooligans — roysterers who prowled the London streets in search of mischief or booty. A fashionable piece of villainy on their part was to overturn the box in which it was part of "Charley's" duty to sit at certain hours of day and night. And in more than one instance, when the box happened to fall on its face, it was found in the morning that "Charley" had died of suffocation during his hours of enforced imprisonment.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century rabbit-women cried their wares in London streets.



A modern rabbit shop.

What a quaint affair was the merry-go-round of the early century!—a hoop attached to a rough pole, with seats in the form of horses rudely carved—this was all, but observe the glee of the riders. No holiday-makers of to-day could be more enthusiastic in spite of gorgeous and elaborate machines that twist them round on rocking-horses to the appalling strains of a central orchestrion. How changed are those delicious country fairs of the early century when Darby and Joan put on their Sunday best and sallied forth to see the younger generation disporting itself among the booths on the village green! — booths that contained wonders from the deep seas and from "furren parts," mermaids and huge nuggets of gold, diamonds the size of your head, and talking-fish—all manner of curiosities that the simple folk would gape at with trustful eyes! We are wise men to-day and *blasé;* we would scorn a

One of the old "Charleys," or watchmen, with whom pranks were played, and the present day guardian of the peace.

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The motor cab has been seen in the streets of London, but it was not a success, and has disappeared for a time.

Hackney carriages at the beginning of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

merry-go-round, crude like the one in our print, and as for mermaids and other marvels, there are few villagers in England who would not lay hands on the showman of a mermaid and duck him in the nearest pond.

But to go through all the changes that have taken place in a century would need volumes upon volumes. What, in fact, is there that has not changed? Houses, food, amusements, locomotion, clothing, sermons, warfare, and a thousand and one things, have so altered as to be scarcely identified with their corresponding fellows of a century ago, and the illustrations which we give must be taken merely as typical of the multifarious changes which have been wrought in the course of the nineteenth century.

A watch-house 100 years ago.

And what will the next hundred years bring? The most ingenious prophet of the present time, Mr. H. G. Wells, has given us in his famous novel, "When the Sleeper Wakes," an imaginary picture of London after the lapse of two hundred years. And what a picture! —The upper classes hopelessly corrupted, and the lower classes crushed; all beauty and nobility vanishing away, and misery and vice rapidly on the ascendant. Let us hope that Mr. Wells is less brilliant as a prophet than a novelist.

A Chelsea pensioner in 1801——

The interior of Bow Street.

——and in 1901.

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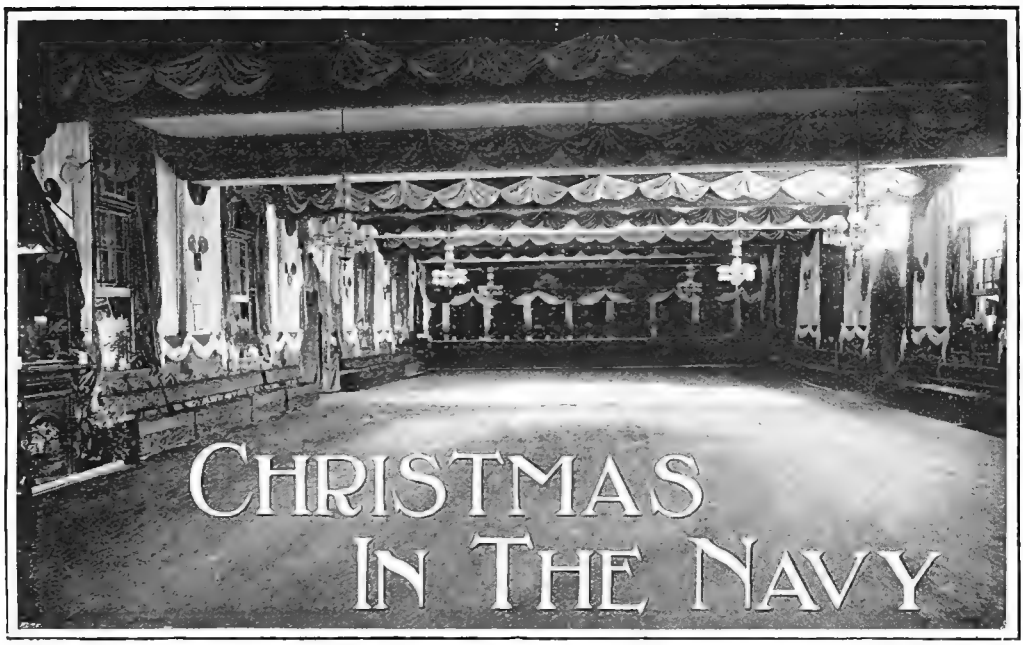

CHRISTMAS IN THE NAVY

Photo by J. Russell and Sons.

The ball-room at the Gunnery School, Whale Island, on Christmas Day.

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Being the Eighth of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

All the world over, wherever two or three Englishmen are gathered together, there Christmas is celebrated with the old customs that still survive, in spite of many changes. Nowhere is the season marked by more hearty rejoicings and a nearer approximation to the spirit of peace and goodwill than in the Naval and Marine barracks and on board Her Majesty's ships, whether it be the good fortune of the crews to belong to the Channel Squadron, in which case many of the officers and men are usually privileged to spend the holiday with their relatives and friends ashore, or to be cruising up some pestilential river in West Africa, broiling under a midsummer sun at the Antipodes, or banished thousands of leagues away to the Far East.

In our modern warship, however, the character of the celebration has been considerably varied since the period of the pig-tailed sailors, whose religion was to hate a "froggie," and whose favourite pastime was chewing tobacco. In those times there was much greater freedom permitted than is allowed in what is contemptuously called the "New Navy" by a few of those old salts who are still to be found on the modern lower deck. Christmas was then a time of license and excess, which often culminated in something akin to a riot, many bruises telling their tales of free fights. In fact, Christmas often caused dozens of a ship's company to figure in the "black list." Education and reform have altered all this, and although Christmas on board ship is not one whit less enjoyable to the higher type of men of the present day, the fun is more rational and less brutal in character than that indulged in by their sea sires.

Back in the fifties and sixties, even, it was the practice for officers to be carried round the decks on the afternoon of Christmas Day on the shoulders of their shipmates. The well-liked officers were cheered and praised and received every mark of respect; but anyone who, unfortunately for his peace of mind, had made himself obnoxious to the crew, was hissed and hustled and pelted with eggs and refuse, in a manner which was not only detrimental to discipline, but sometimes positively dangerous to his health and limbs. In this way did men square accounts and pay back old grudges.

In those days officers frequently found some excuse to absent themselves from their ship if it was in harbour, and if at sea,

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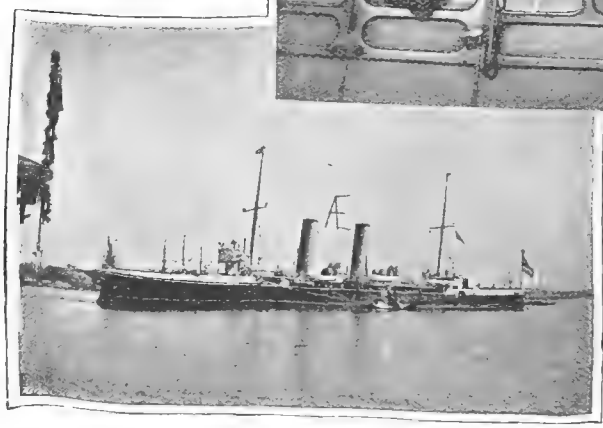
Jack off by train for his Christmas leave.
Photo by S. Cribb.



H.M.S. *Æolus*, decorated for Christmas.
Photo by J. Fuller, R.N.

locked themselves in their cabins to avoid being made the subjects of these popular, or unpopular, demonstrations, for both were unpleasant. The former method of avoiding the attentions of the men was generally effective, but locks and bars were no security against seamen determined to show their love or hatred; and the popular "First Luff," or uncongenial parson, or purser, was dragged willy-nilly from his hiding-place and carried round the decks in a procession headed by a loud and discordant, band consisting usually of big and little drums, a bugle, and an assortment of tin dishes energetically beaten with iron "gibbies" or spoons.

This practice of "carrying-round" their officers is still allowed in some ships in the modern Navy, but it is enjoined that no hostile demonstrations must take place, and this understanding between the Captain, who shuts his official eye, and the men who are thus able to exhibit the good feeling that exists between the wardroom and the lower deck is practically never broken. The music on such occasions is furnished nowadays by an efficient fife and drum, or string band, recruited entirely from the men.

On ships in harbour the Christmas festival begins on Christmas Eve, after the men have mustered at evening quarters. As in homes ashore, preparations have, of course, been made long before this, but, unlike the culinary artists on land, Jack does not cook his "Christmas duff," or plum pudding, before Christmas Day. Directly after dismissal from "quarters" the real business of preparing for the great festival is taken seriously in

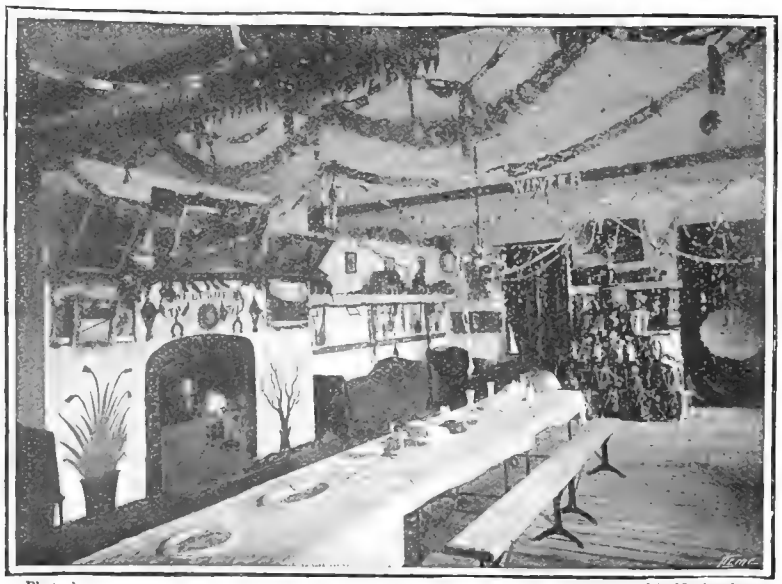


Photo by W. M. Crockett.
The drummers' room at the Royal Marine Barracks, Plymouth, on Christmas morning.

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hand. Often by midnight the bare and sternly unattractive lower deck has been transformed by means of evergreens and coloured paper into a veritable fairy-land, full of delightful little alcoves, rigged and tricked out with lights and lanterns. Sometimes the masts and yards, if there are any, are also decorated.

In this transformation of the lower deck the electric light is now made to play the part of the old Chinese lantern, but with much better effect, as the dynamo in the engine-room supplies a full current to all the additional lights which are specially fitted up for the Yuletide festival.

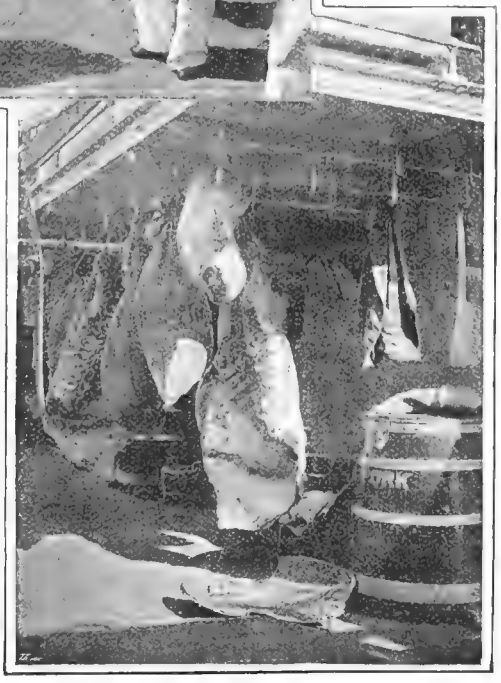
But a portion only of the men are able to engage in the pleasant task of decking their messes in this way. Others are at work preparing for the cook, and taking to the galley, substantial joints, and pies and puddings of all descriptions. In the ordinary way the sailors, each in turn, prepare the food, for the remainder of their messmates, and convey it to and from the galley, where it is cooked by the ship's cook and his mates. But at Christmas the old and most experienced pudding and pie makers in each mess willingly undertake to deal with all the viands for the morrow, and make pastry and "plum duff" in the very best and most approved lower deck style. The Navy has many excellent amateur cooks. Outsiders have been heard to say that Jacks' efforts are almost as successful as—sometimes better than—those of their mothers and wives and sisters on shore!

At the galley the cook and his "upper yardmen," as the sailors delight to call the staff, are busy in snowy white caps and aprons, amid a cloud of steam, receiving and placing in the proper coppers the hams, "duffs," and other things as they are brought to them. The galley fire, which is put out before the "rounds" at 9 p.m. at ordinary times, is kept alight all night, and savoury smells float about the ship and tickle the nostrils of the men as they decorate their messes and busy themselves in the preparation of their food.

In the old days, before Jack's cooks were trained at a naval cookery-school as they are now, and grog was more plentiful on Christmas Eve, strange things happened to Christmas dinners. The cook, often a man "just a little fond of the bubbly," sometimes took more grog than was good for him, and fell asleep and let the "duffs" burn and the hams boil to rags. One story, not altogether apocryphal, if somewhat old, relates how on one occasion when the men turned up on

Bacon and eggs being taken aboard for Jack's Christmas breakfast

Photos by S. Cribb.



Meat for the Christmas dinner of the lower deck

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Photo by Cribb.
A concert party formed by men left behind at one of the naval establishments.

Christmas morning at the galley for their hams, the cook was found to have a large tub full of stuff which looked like desiccated soup. When the sailor cook of one mess called out "No. 4," the ship's cook replied, "No. 4 you had two. Two ladles full and two bones for No. 4; next mess, please!" and the cook of No. 4 had to take back two ladles of ham shreds and liquid, from which his messmates were compelled to make their breakfasts. Nowadays, however, with less grog and better cooks, the hams are sent back to their messes in good condition, savoury and appetising.

Christmas Day on a man of war really begins at midnight on the 24th of December, for as the sentry strikes the hour of midnight on the ship's bell, the band begins to play on the mess deck and marches round the ship. Sleep vanishes for that night for all residents of the lower deck, and there is considerable excitement and preparation until breakfast—which is a most substantial meal—is finished. After breakfast the mess tables are covered with white cloths, and groan under the very heavy load of good fare, which varies according to the station and port at which the ship is stationed if she is on foreign service. When this has been done the mess deck is finally cleared up, and the ship's company go to Divine service, which is the same as on Sundays and Good Fridays. The "Sky-Pilot" or "Padré," or the Captain, usually arranges that the service shall not be a long one, and Jack is free again shortly after eleven o'clock.

By noon all the food has been fetched from the galley and the band assembled outside the Captain's cabin. As the sentry sounds eight bells, the band strikes up once more, and the Captain, accompanied by his principal officers, starts out for an inspection of the messes, where they are heartily greeted by the men, and proudly proffered cake, pudding, or mince-pies as they pass from table to table, where men stand holding out plates of their Christmas fare. The men expect their officers, at least, to test the quality of the ample provision for the meal of the day, and they are not disappointed. When the last mess has been passed, the Captain gives the order to "pipe" to dinner, and the boatswain's mate fills the air with that strange and shrill combination of sounds called "piping to dinner."

Shortly after this grog is served. In the old days "the main brace was spliced" on Christmas Day—an extra allowance of grog

Photo by W. M. Crockett.
Christmas decorations at the Royal Marine Light Infantry Barracks, Plymouth.

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Photo by J. Russell and Sons.

The supper-room at Whale Island decorated for Christmas.

was served out after dinner—but this custom has largely fallen into disuse since the festival has ceased to be the excuse for an orgie. An extra pint of beer per man can be drawn from the wet canteen, when one exists on the ship. At Christmas, also, in the modern ship, various presents are made from the profits of the canteen to the messes, generally consisting of such things as raisins, currants, spice, flour, and eggs for "duffs" and cakes, and, if procurable, milk and other accessories for the festival. As Jack has to pay throughout the year the prices which result in profits for such a purpose, perhaps, after all, these *gifts* are compliments of a doubtful kind, but they happen to come at an opportune moment. In fleets abroad, in isolated places, one of the smaller ships is sometimes detailed to act as "bum-boat" to the other ships just before Christmas, and is sent to the nearest large port where food stuffs can readily be obtained.

One Yuletide privilege the men greatly appreciate on this day of days. Usually they may smoke only at specified times and places, but after dinner has been piped on Christmas Day they are at liberty to enjoy the weed on the mess decks until midnight. Boys under eighteen, who are forbidden to drink grog or to smoke, may use the pipes most of them conceal in ordinary times and join their seniors until the hour of midnight, when the privilege ends.

During the afternoon on Christmas Day, when a ship is in port, it is usual, should it be anchored at a place where leave can be given, to grant a "free gangway." This enables the men to go ashore any time they think fit, the same privilege being also extended to all those who have had their ordinary leave stopped as a punishment.

Photo by S. Cribb.

A Christmas party of stokers and marines.

Topsy-turvydom on Christmas Day—a sailor boy serving out the grog.

Photo by J. Fuller, R.N

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THE PURPLE CLOUD

By M. P. Shiel

Illustrations by J. J. Cameron

I.

WELL, the memory seems to be getting rather impaired now, rather impaired. What, for instance, was the name of that parson who preached, just before the *Boreal* set out, about the wickedness of any further attempt to reach the North Pole? I have forgotten. Yet four years ago it was familiar to me as my own name.

Things which took place before the voyage seem to be getting a little cloudy in the memory now. I have sat here to write down some sort of account of what has happened—God knows *why*, since no eye can ever read it—and see, at the very beginning, the memory breaks down.

I can't remember the preacher's name. He was a most strange sort of man, a Scotchman from Ayrshire, big and gaunt, with tawny lion's-hair. He used to go about London streets in rough-spun clothes, a plaid flung from one shoulder. Once I saw him in Holborn with his rather wild stalk, frowning, and muttering to himself. He had no sooner come to London and opened chapel, I think in Fetter Lane, than the little room began to be crowded; and when he moved to a big establishment in Kensington, all sorts and conditions of men flocked, even from America and Australia, to hear the thunder that he talked. His was not an age apt to fly into enthusiasms over this sort of word-of-mouth prophets and prophecies; but this particular man certainly did stir the dark, strong feelings which sleep in the heart. His eyes were very singular and powerful; his voice muttered and gathered and crashed as I have heard the pack-ice when in commotion far yonder in the North; while his gestures were as uncouth and gawky as those of some wild man of the primitive ages.

Well, this man—what *was* his name?—Macintosh, Mackay—that was it! *Mackay*. Mackay saw fit to take offence at the new attempt to reach the Pole in the *Boreal;* and for three Sundays, when the preparations were nearing completion, stormed against it at Kensington.

The excitement of the world with regard to the North Pole had, at this date, reached a pitch which can only be described as *fevered:* for the abstract interest which mankind, in its hunger for knowledge, had always felt in this unknown region, was now a thousand and one times intensified by the mingling with it of a new, concrete interest—a tremendous *money* interest.

And the new zeal had ceased to be healthy in its tone, as the old zeal was: for now the demon Mammon was making his voice heard in this matter.

Within the ten years preceding the *Boreal* expedition, no fewer than twenty-seven expeditions had set out, and failed.

The secret of this new rage lay in the last will and testament of that king of faddists, Mr. Charles P. Stickney of Chicago, supposed to be the richest individual who ever lived; he, just ten years before the *Boreal* undertaking, had died, bequeathing 175,000,000dols. to the first man who reached the Pole.

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Such was the literal wording of the will—"*the first man who reached.*" This loose method of designating the person intended had immediately given rise to a prolonged heat of controversy in England and America as to whether or no the testator could have meant *the Chief* of the first expedition which reached; but it was finally decided on high legal authority that, in any case, the actual wording of the document held good; and that it was the *individual*, whatever his station, whose foot first reached the Pole, who would have title to the fortune.

At all events, the ferment of the public mind had risen, as I say, to a pitch of actual fever; and as to the *Boreal* in particular, everyone knew the details of her fitting, the papers daily discussed the progress of her preparations, and the excitement about her was general; for now—at last—it was felt that success was probable. So Mackay had an acutely interested audience, if a somewhat startled, and a somewhat cynical, one.

A truly lion-hearted man this must have been to dare proclaim a point of view so at variance with the spirit of his age! People used to call him "John the Baptist Redivivus," and without doubt he did suggest something of that sort.

On the third Sunday night of his denunciation of the *Boreal* I was there in that Kensington chapel, and I heard him, and the wild talk he talked! He seemed like a man delirious with inspiration.

His listeners sat really spell-bound, while Mackay's prophesying voice ranged up and down through all the modulations of thunder, from the hurrying mutter to the reverberant climax, and those who came to scoff remained to wonder.

Put simply, what he said was this: That there was undoubtedly some sort of Fate, or Doom, connected with the Pole in reference to the human race; that man's continual failures, in spite of continual efforts, to reach it, abundantly and superabundantly proved this; and that those failures constituted a lesson, *and a warning*, which the race disregarded at its peril.

The North Pole, he said, was not so very far away, and the difficulties in the way of reaching it were not, on the face of them, so very great; human beings had achieved things a thousand times more difficult; yet, in spite of over half-a-dozen well-planned efforts in the nineteenth century, and thirty-one in the twentieth, man had never reached the Pole; always he had been baulked, baulked, baulked, by some seeming chance—some restraining Hand: and herein lay the lesson, *herein the warning.* Wonderfully—really wonderfully—like the Tree of Knowledge in Eden, he said, was that Pole; all the rest of earth lay opened and offered to man—but *that* was persistently veiled and forbidden. It was as when a father lays his hand upon his son, with a—"Not here, my child, not here."

But human beings, he said, were free agents, with power to stop their ears, and turn a deaf consciousness to the whispers and warning indications of Heaven; and he believed, he said, that the time was now come when man would find it absolutely in his power to stand on that 90th degree of latitude, and plant an impious right foot on the apex of the earth, just as it had been given into the absolute power of Adam to stretch an impious right hand and pluck of the Fruit of Knowledge; but, said he—his voice pealing now into one long proclamation of awful augury—"just as the abuse of that power had been followed in the one case by catastrophe swift and universal, so, in the other, he warned the entire race to look out thenceforth for nothing from God but a lowering sky, and thundery weather."

The man's frantic earnestness, his authoritative voice, his savage gestures, could not but have their effect upon his hearers. As for me, I declare I sat as though a messenger direct from Heaven addressed me. But I believe I had not yet reached home, when the whole effect of the discourse had passed from me like water from a duck's back; and probably the same thing was true of his entire audience. The prophet in the twentieth century was not a success. I dismissed Mackay from my mind with this thought: "He is behind his age, I suppose."

But I have thought differently of Mackay since!

* * * *

Three weeks—it was about that—before that Sunday night discourse, I was visited by Clark, the chief of the coming expedition—a mere visit of friendship. I had then been established for about a year at No. 11, Harley Street, and, though only twenty-five, had, I suppose, as *élite* a practice as any doctor in Europe.

Elite—but small. I was able to maintain my state, and move among the great; but now and again I would feel the secret pinch of moneylessness.

In the course of our conversation, Clark said to me, talking in his light, haphazard way:

"Do you know what I dreamed about you

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last night, Adam Jeffson? I dreamed that you were with us on the expedition. And never had I so clear a dream."

I started. On the same night I had myself dreamed the same thing; but not a word said I about it now. There was a stammering in my tongue as I answered:

"Who, I?—on the expedition?—I would not go, if I were asked."

"Oh, you would."

"I wouldn't. You forget that I am about to be married."

"Well, we need not discuss the point. You are not likely to be asked, since Peters is not going to die; but if anything *did* happen to him, you know, it is you I should come straight to, Adam Jeffson."

"Clark, you jest," I said; "I know very little of astronomy, or magnetic phenomena. Besides, I am about to be married."

"But what about your botany?" answered Clark. "*That* would be the thing we should want from you. And as for nautical astronomy, a man with your scientific habit would pick all that up in no time."

"You discuss the matter as gravely as though it were a possibility, Clark," I said smiling. "Such a thought would never enter my head. There is, first of all, my *fiancée*—"

"Oh, the all-important Countess—well, but she, as far as I know the lady, would be the first to force you to go. The chance of stamping one's foot on the North Pole does not occur to a man every day."

"Do talk of something else," I said with a laugh. "There is Peters—"

A laugh! But I knew, even *then*, deep in my heart, that a great crisis was occurring in my life. And I knew that this was so, firstly, because of two dreams, and secondly, because when Clark had gone, as I was drawing on my gloves to go to see my *fiancée*, I heard distinctly the old two voices talk within me; and one said: "Go not to see her now!" And the other: "Yes,—go, go!"

The two voices of my life! A person, reading these words, would imagine that I only mean two ordinary contradictory impulses—or else that I am mad. For what modern man could ever dream how *real* were those voices, how loud, and how, ever and anon, I heard them contend within me with a nearness impossible to any ear of flesh?

At the age of seven it happened first to me. I was playing one summer evening in a pine-wood of my father's; half-a-mile away was a cliff; and as I played it suddenly seemed to me as if someone said to me, inside of me: "*just take a walk toward the cliff;*" and as if someone else said: "*do not go that way at all!*" Mere whispers *then*—which gradually, as I grew up, swelled to cries of wrathful contention! I did go toward the cliff; it was steep, 2oft. high, and I fell. Some weeks later, on recovering speech, I told my astonished mother: that "*someone had pushed me*" over the edge from behind; and that someone else "*had caught me*" at the bottom!

One night soon after my eleventh birthday, lying in bed, the thought struck me that my life must be of immense importance to some Thing, or Things, which I could not see; that two Powers, which hated each other, were always after me, one wishing for some reason to kill me, and the other for some reason to keep me alive, one wishing me to do so and so, and the other the opposite.

When I had to decide as to my profession, who could have suspected the tremendous conflict that transacted itself in my soul, while my brain was indifferent to the matter—that agony of strife with which the contending voices shouted, the one, "Become a scientist—a doctor," and the other, "Be a lawyer, an engineer, an artist—be *anything* but a doctor!"

A doctor I decided to become. And because of that decision I went to what has become the greatest of medical schools, Cambridge.

* * * *

But I have made a digression. I was saying that when Clark had left me, I was putting on my hat and gloves to go to see my *fiancée*, the Countess Clodagh, when I heard the two voices; and one said: "Go, go," and the other, with intense warning persistence, "Not now!"

I went. Sometimes the urgency of one or other of the two impulses is so overpowering, that it is impossible to resist. It was so then—and I went.

I had to traverse the distance between Harley Street and Hanover Square, and *all* the time it was as though something was thundering into my physical ear: "Since you go, breathe no word about the *Boreal*, and Clark's visit;" and as though something else commanded me: "Yes, tell, tell—hide nothing."

That struggle of prompting voices seemed to last an age, yet it was only three or four minutes before I was in Hanover Square, and Clodagh in my arms.

She was, I think, the most superb creature I ever saw—that haughty swan-neck, which

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seemed as if always scorning something just behind her left shoulder. Superb! but ah!—I know it now—a godless woman, Clodagh, a bitter heart.

Clodagh once confessed to me that her favourite character in history was Lucrezia Borgia, and when she saw my horror, immediately added, "Oh, no, I am only joking!" Such was her duplicity; for I see now that she lived in the constant effort to hide her heinous heart from me. Yet how Clodagh fascinated and enthralled me!

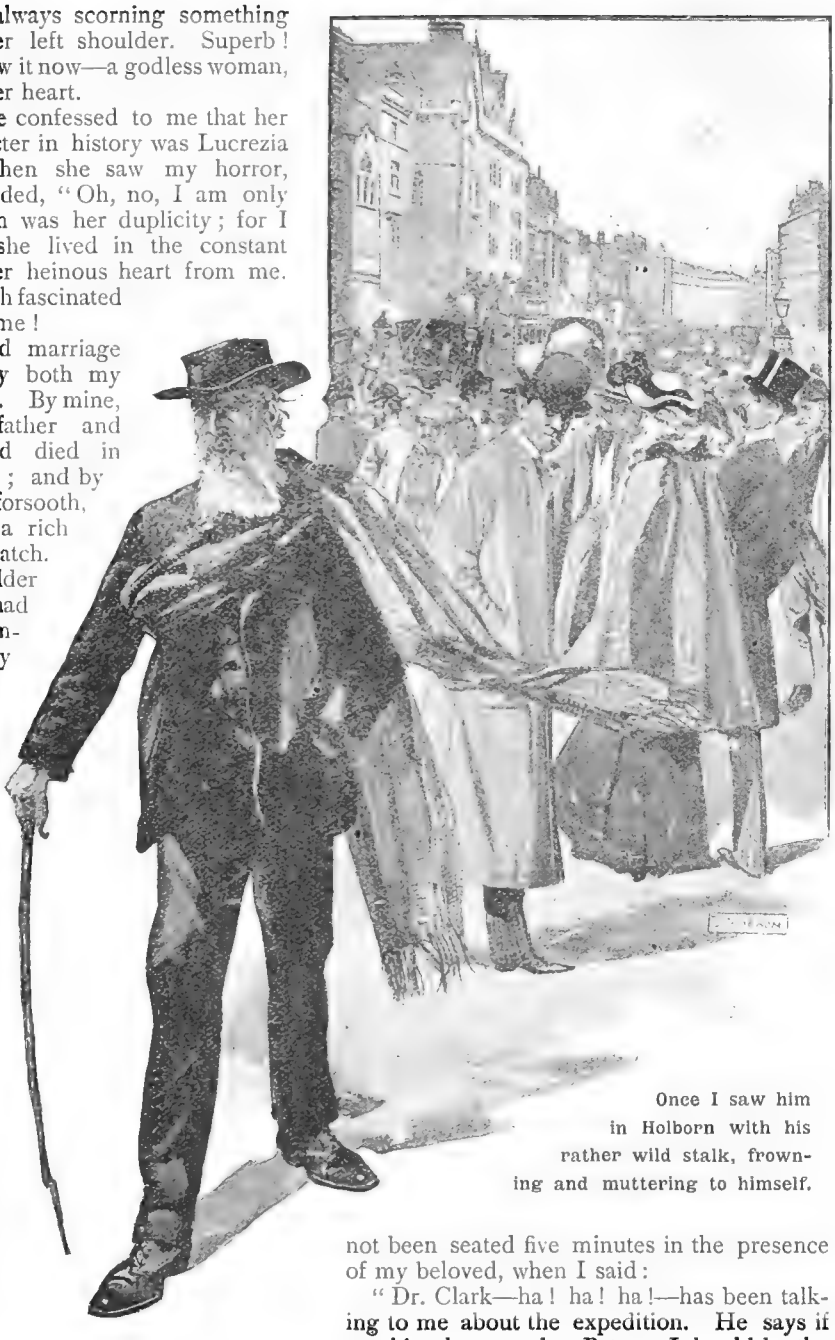
Our proposed marriage was opposed by both my family and hers. By mine, because her father and grandfather had died in lunatic asylums; and by hers because, forsooth, I was neither a rich nor a noble match. A sister, much older than herself, had married a common country doctor, and this made the so-called *mésalliance* with me doubly detestable in the eyes of her relatives. But Clodagh's extraordinary passion for me could be stemmed neither by their threats nor prayers. What a flame was Clodagh! Sometimes she frightened me.

She was at this date no longer young, being by five years my senior. She was by also five years the senior of her nephew, born from the marriage of her sister with the country doctor. That nephew was Peter Peters, who was to accompany the *Boreal* expedition as doctor, botanist, and meteorological assistant.

On that day of Clark's visit to me I had not been seated five minutes in the presence of my beloved, when I said:

"Dr. Clark—ha! ha! ha!—has been talking to me about the expedition. He says if anything happened to Peters, *I* should be the first man he would run to. He forgets my marriage. He has had an absurd dream—"

The consciousness that filled me as I spoke these words was the *wickedness* of me, the crooked wickedness. But I could no more help it than I could fly.



Once I saw him in Holborn with his rather wild stalk, frowning and muttering to himself.

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Clodagh was standing at a window with a rose at her face. For quite a minute she made no reply, and then she said in her cold, rapid way:

"The man who first plants his foot on the North Pole will certainly be made an earl. I say nothing of the many millions he will inherit. I only wish I were a man!"

"I don't know that I have any special ambition that way," I rejoined. "I am very happy as I am in my warm Eden with my Clodagh. I don't like the outer cold."

"Don't let me think little of you!" she answered pettishly.

"Why should you, Clodagh? I am not bound to desire to go to the North Pole, am I?"

"But you *would* go, I suppose, if you could?"

"I might—I doubt it. There is our marriage——"

"Our marriage! It would be the one thing to transform our marriage from a sneaking difficulty into a ten-times triumphant event."

"You mean if *I*, personally, were the first to stand on the Pole. But there would be others on the expedition, even supposing I went. It is very unlikely that *I*, personally——"

"For *me* you would, Adam," she answered with absolute cool confidence. "You will outstrip your companions, thinking of me; *they* will be blue and dying, you all warm with the thought of what I expect of you——"

"Do you say 'will'?" I interrupted, "there is not even the slightest probability, my dear Clodagh——"

"But why? There are still three weeks before the start. They say——"

She paused.

"What do they say?"

Her voice dropped.

"That Peter takes atropine."

I started. She moved from the window, sat, and turned the leaves of a book. There was a silence. Then she laughed drily a little—a dry, mad laugh.

"Why did you start when I said that?" she asked, reading.

"I? I did not start, Clodagh! I did not start! Who told you that Peters takes atropine?"

"He is my nephew; I should know. But do not look dumfounded in that fashion: I have no intention of poisoning him in order to see you a multi-millionaire and a peer of the realm——"

"My dearest Clodagh!"

"I easily might, however. He will be here presently. He is bringing Mr. Wilson for the evening." (Wilson was going as the electrician of the expedition.)

"Clodagh," I said, "believe me, you jest in a manner which does not please me."

"Do I?" she answered with that haughty half-turn of her long throat, "Well, thank Heaven, it is only a jest. Women are no longer admired for doing such deeds."

"Ha! ha! ha!—no—no longer admired, Clodagh! O heaven! let us change this talk——"

But she could now talk of nothing else. She got from me that afternoon the history of all the Polar expeditions of late years, how far they had reached, and by what means, and why they had failed. Her eyes shone; she listened greedily. Before this time indeed she had been interested in the *Boreal*, knew the details of her build and outfit, and was acquainted with several members of the expedition. But now, suddenly, her mind seemed wholly possessed by the subject; my mention of Clark's visit had apparently set her a-burn with the Pole-fever.

The passion of her kiss as I tore myself from her embrace I shall never forget. I went home with a heavy heart.

The house of Dr. Peter Peters was only three doors from mine. Toward one o'clock that night, a breathless footman ran to knock me up with the news that Peters was ill. I hurried to his bedside, and guessed by the first glance at his staring pupils that he was poisoned with atropine.

Wilson, the electrician, who had passed the evening with him and Clodagh at Hanover Square, was there.

"What on earth is the matter?" he said to me.

"He is poisoned," I answered.

"*Poisoned?* What with?"

"Atropine."

"Good God!"

"Don't be afraid; he will recover."

"Is that certain?"

"Yes—that is, *if he leaves off taking the drug*."

Two hours I remained there, and, God knows, toiled hard for his life. When I left him in the dark of the fore-day my mind was at rest: he would recover.

I slept till eleven a.m., and then hurried over again to Peters. In the room were two nurses, and the Countess Clodagh.

My beloved put her forefinger to her lips, whispering: "Sh—h—! he is asleep."

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She came closer to my ear and said: "I heard the news early. I am come to stay with him till—the last—"

We looked at each other—eye to eye, steadily—till mine dropped before hers. A word was on my mouth to say, but I said nothing.

The recovery of Peters was not so steady as I had expected. At the end of the first week he was still prostrate.

The man grew sick on that bed. The second week passed, and only ten days remained before the setting out of the expedition.

At the end of that second week, Wilson, the electrician, was one evening sitting by Peters' bedside when I entered.

At the moment Clodagh was about to administer a dose to Peters; but seeing me, she put down the medicine-glass on the night-table, and came toward me. As she did so, I saw a sight which terribly startled me; for Wilson took up the deposited medicine-glass, looked at it, smelled it; and he did it with a kind of stealth; and he did it with an underlook and an expression which I thought meant distrust.

Meantime, Clark came each day. He had himself a medical degree, and about this time I called him in professionally, together with another colleague, to a consultation over Peters. The patient lay in a semi-coma, broken by passionate vomitings. His condition puzzled us all. I formally stated that he took atropine, and had been originally poisoned by atropine; but we saw that his present symptoms were not those of atropine, but, it seemed, of some other vegetable poison, which we could not precisely name.

"Mysterious thing," said Clark to me when we were alone.

"*I* don't understand it," I said.

"At any rate, my dream about you comes true, Jeffson. It is clear that Peters is out of the question now."

The passion of her kiss as I tore myself from her embrace I shall never forget.

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I shrugged my shoulder.

"I formally invite you to join the expedition," said Clark. "Do you consent?"

I shrugged again.

"Well, if that means consent," he said, "let me remind you that you have only eight days, and a world to do in them."

This conversation occurred in Peters' house. As we passed through the room-door we saw Clodagh gliding down the passage—rapidly—away from us.

I said nothing to her that night about Clark's invitation to me. Yet I asked myself repeatedly, did she not know of it? Had she not *listened*, and heard?

However that was, about midnight, to my great surprise, Peters opened his eyes, and smiled. By noon the next day, his wonderful vitality, which so fitted him for an Arctic expedition, had manifested itself. He was then leaning on an elbow, talking to Wilson.

Except his pallor, and strong stomach pains, there were now no traces of his late approach to death. For the stomach pains I prescribed some quarter-grain tablets of sulphate of morphia, and went away.

Now, David Wilson and I never greatly loved each other, and that very day he brought about a painful situation as between me and Peters, by telling Peters that I had taken his place in the expedition.

Peters, a touchy fellow, at once dictated a letter of protest to Clark, and Clark sent Peters' letter to me marked with a note of interrogation in blue pencil.

All Peters' preparations were made; mine were not; and he had six days to recover himself. I therefore wrote to Clark saying that the changed circumstances of course annulled my acceptance of his offer, though I had already incurred the inconvenience of negotiating with a *locum tenens*.

This decided it: Peters was to go, I to stay. The fifth day before the departure dawned. It was a Friday, June 15th. Peters was now in an armchair. He was cheerful, with a feverish pulse, and still the stomach pains. I was giving him three-quarters of a grain of morphia a day. That night at 11 p.m. I visited him, and found Clodagh there, talking to him. Peters was smoking a cigar.

"Ah," Clodagh said, rising, "I was waiting for you, Adam. I did not know whether I was to inject anything to-night. Is it yes or no?"

"What do you think, Peters," I said. "Any more pains?"

"Well, perhaps you had better give me another quarter-grain," he answered. "There's still some trouble, off and on."

"A quarter-grain, then, Clodagh," I said.

As she opened the syringe box, she said with a pout: "Our patient has been naughty; he has taken some more atropine."

I became angry at once.

"Peters, you know you have no *right* to be doing things like that without consulting me!" I cried. "Do that once more, and I have nothing further to do with you!"

"Pooh!" said Peters, "why all that unnecessary heat? It was a mere flea-bite. I felt that I needed it——"

"He injected it with his own hand," remarked Clodagh.

She was now standing at the mantel-piece. She had lifted the syringe box from the night table, taken from its velvet lining both the syringe and the vial containing the morphia tablets, and had gone to the mantel-piece to melt one of the tablets in a little of the distilled water there. Her back was turned upon us. I was standing: Peters, in his armchair, smoking. As Clodagh stood there, she began to talk about a Charity Bazaar which she had visited that forenoon.

She was long, she was long. The wild and crazy thought passed through some dim region of my soul: "Why is she so *long?*"

"Ah, that was a pain!" cried Peters. "Never mind the Bazaar, Aunt—think of the morphia."

Suddenly an irresistible impulse seized me—to rush upon her—to dash syringe, tablets, glass, and all from her hands. I *must* have obeyed it—I was on the tip-top point of obeying it—my body already leant prone. But at that instant a voice behind me at the open door cried:

"Well, how is everything?"

Wilson, the electrician, stood there. With lightning swiftness I remembered an under-look of mistrust which I had once seen on his face. Oh, I *could* not!—she was my love—I stood stricken into marble . . . .

Clodagh came to meet Wilson with frank, right hand. In her left was the fragile glass containing the injection. I fixed my eyes upon her face: it was full of reassurance, of free innocence. I said to myself: "I must surely be mad!"

An ordinary chat began, while Clodagh turned up Peters' sleeve, and, kneeling there, injected his fore-arm. As she rose, laughing at something said by Wilson, the drug glass dropped from her hand, and her heel trod on it. She put the syringe among a number of others on the mantelpiece.

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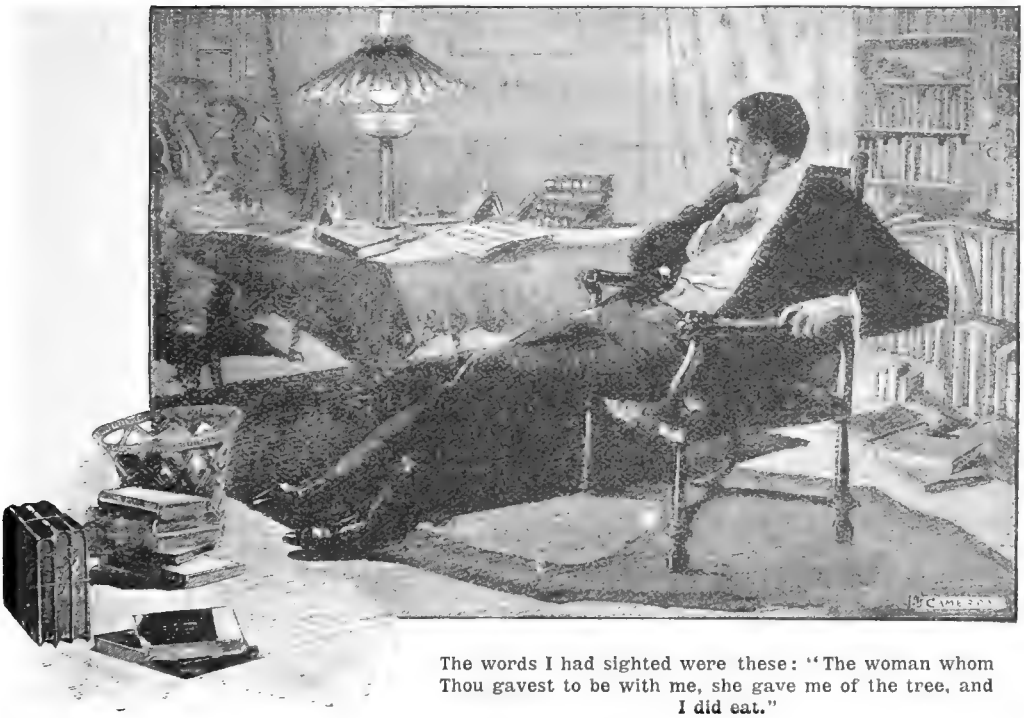

The words I had sighted were these: "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

"Your friend has been naughty, Mr. Wilson," she said. "He has been taking more atropine."

"Not really?" said Wilson.

"Let me alone," answered Peters. "I am not a child."

These were the last intelligible words he ever spoke. He died shortly before one. He had been poisoned by a powerful dose of atropine.

From that moment all the world was a mere tumbling nightmare to me. In it I remember the inquest, and how I was called upon to prove that Peters had injected himself with atropine. This was corroborated by Wilson and by Clodagh, and the verdict was in accordance. And in all that chaotic hurry of preparation three other things, with clear distinctness, I remember.

The first—and chief—is that tempest of words which I heard at Kensington from the mighty-mouthed Mackay on the Sunday night. What was it that led me, busy as I was, to that church that night? Ah, I know well! It was *Thou*.

There I sat and heard him. Distinctly still I remember, and often repeat, the very words of his peroration, when, rising to a passion of prophesy, he shouted:

"And as in the one case transgression was followed by catastrophe, swift and universal, so, in the other, I warn the entire Race to look out thenceforth for nothing from God but a lowering sky, and thundery weather!"

But a *second* thing I remember: that on reaching home, I walked into my disordered library (for I had had to hunt out certain books for the voyage) where I met my housekeeper in the act of re-arranging things. She had apparently lifted an old Bible by the front cover to fling it on the table, for as I threw myself into a chair, my eyes fell upon the open text—it was near the beginning—the print was large, the lamp cast a white ray full upon it. I had been hearing Mackay's comparison between the Pole and the Forbidden Fruit, and *that*, no doubt, was the reason why I jumped now with so horrid a start. For the words I had sighted were these:

"The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

And a *third* thing I remember in all that turmoil of doubt and flurry: that a note was handed me; it was a last word from Clodagh, and it said:

"*Be First at the Pole—for Me.*"

(To be continued.)

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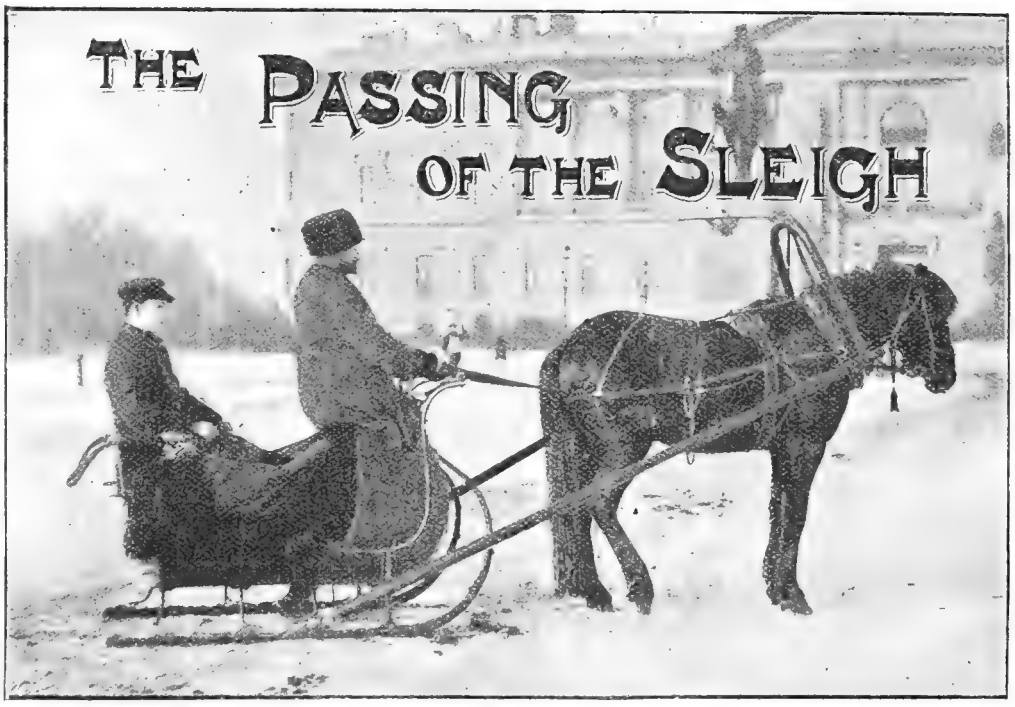
THE PASSING OF THE SLEIGH

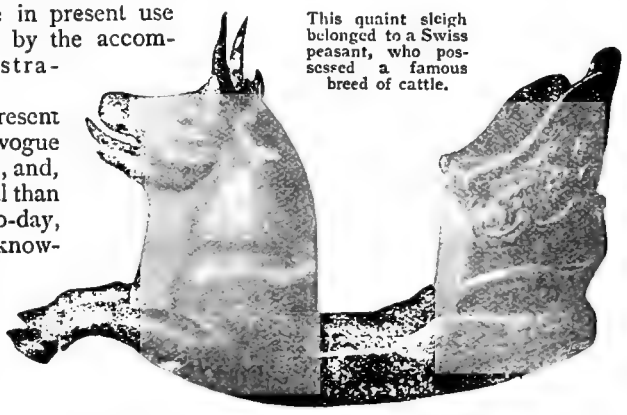


An ordinary Russian sleigh.

By Mrs. J. E. Whitby.

The sleigh alas is fast disappearing! The iron foot of the railroad steed is chasing this, as it has so many other conveyances, from the road; and seldom is the sleigh to be met with now as a necessity except in those few remaining places not served by trains, and remote from the centres of civilisation. It is, of course, greatly used as a pastime in those countries where winter permits, but how much the modern desire for speed has done to change the models of other days to those in present use may be seen by the accompanying illustrations.

These represent forms once in vogue in Switzerland, and, if less practical than the style of to-day, it must be acknowledged they are far more picturesque and interesting. All these vehicles were made of wood, shod with iron, and many of them were undoubtedly home-made. Paint and gilding were lavishly used, and those that have come down to us are so quaint-looking and original that it seems a pity that they should have been relegated with so many other old-world curiosities to lumber rooms or museums.



This quaint sleigh belonged to a Swiss peasant, who possessed a famous breed of cattle.

The sleigh at the bottom of the second page of our article is one which belonged in the early days of the seventeenth century to a Swiss farmer. He lived in the Canton of Appenzell, which has always been famous for its rich pasture lands, and, as a consequence, for milk and butter. It is not difficult to picture the old brown farmhouse, with its deep, overhanging eaves and its many verandahs,

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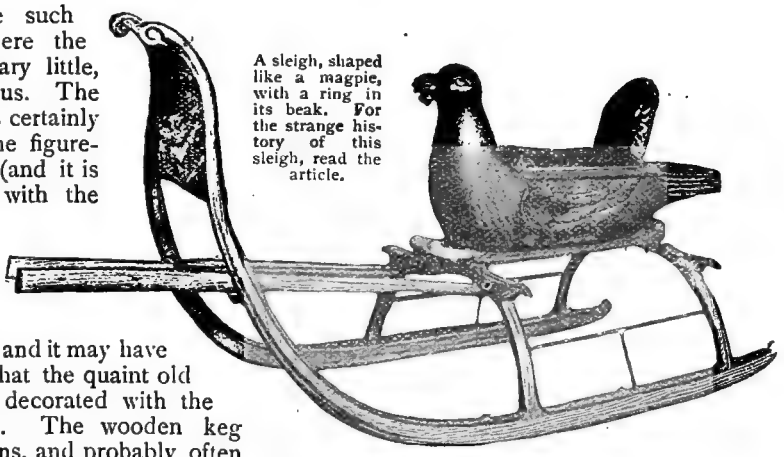
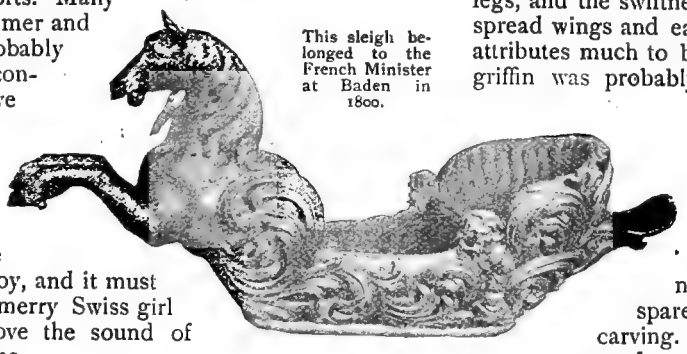
for travel has made such sights, in a land where the fashions in houses vary little, familiar to most of us. The owner of the sleigh was certainly a dairy farmer, for the figure-head represents him (and it is probably a likeness) with the wooden receptacle used for carrying milk on his back. Perhaps he had daughters who were famous butter-makers, and it may have been in their honour that the quaint old sleigh was built and decorated with the image of a milkman. The wooden keg behind the figure opens, and probably often contained some warming cordial in queer shaped bottles. The bodies of the sleighs were always arranged as receptacles for creature comforts. Many a jaunt the farmer and his family probably had on this conveyance, and we may be sure that they made the hills resound with their cries, for the merry Swiss boy, and it must be owned the merry Swiss girl also, dearly love the sound of their own voices.

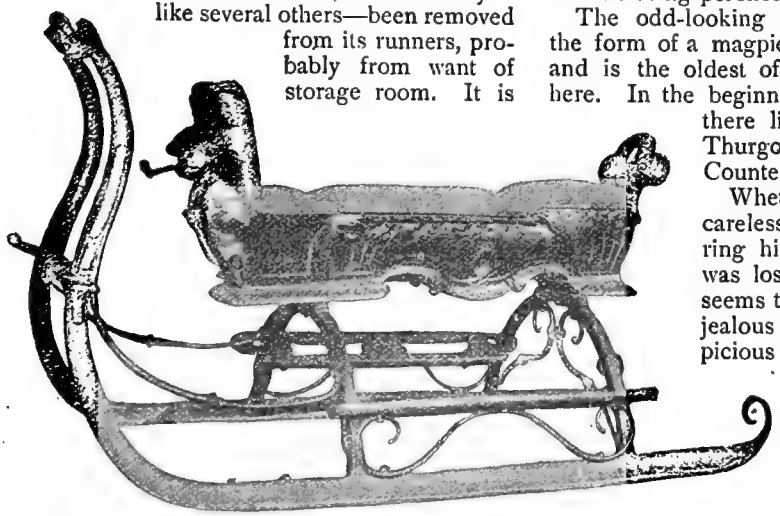


A sleigh, shaped like a magpie, with a ring in its beak. For the strange history of this sleigh, read the article.



This sleigh belonged to the French Minister at Baden in 1800.

The remarkable-looking sleigh at the end of the article has, unfortunately—like several others—been removed from its runners, probably from want of storage room. It is shaped like that fabulous animal, the griffin, an excellent symbol for a sleigh, where the strength denoted by his leonine body and legs, and the swiftness by the outspread wings and eagle beak were attributes much to be desired. A griffin was probably the owner's crest, and the sleigh, no doubt, belonged to some rich and noble family, for no trouble was spared in its skilful carving. This sleigh comes from the Canton of Zurich, and was intended for two riders, a servant being perched behind.



A Swiss farmer owned this sleigh early in the century before last.

The odd-looking little carriage made in the form of a magpie has a curious history, and is the oldest of the sleighs illustrated here. In the beginning of the last century there lived in the Canton of Thurgovie a certain Count and Countess Towenberg.

Whether the Countess was careless regarding her wedding ring historians say not, but it was lost. The husband, who seems to have been of a fiercely jealous and extremely suspicious nature, accused his wife of infidelity, and as she failed to produce the missing wedding ring, commanded, like Hamlet, "get thee to a nunnery."

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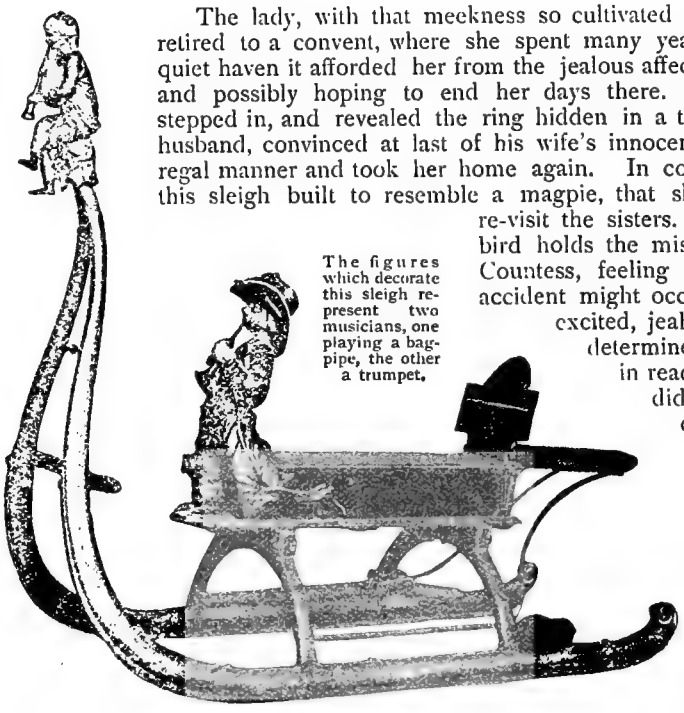


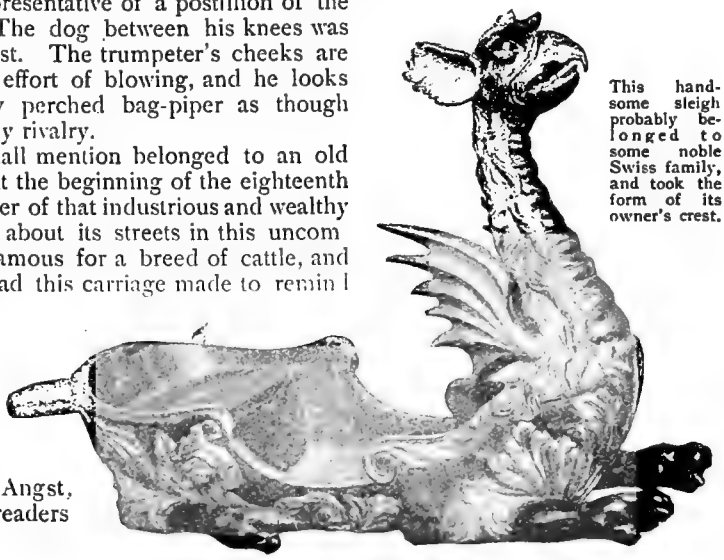
The figures which decorate this sleigh represent two musicians, one playing a bag-pipe, the other a trumpet.

The lady, with that meekness so cultivated by old-fashioned wives, duly retired to a convent, where she spent many years, perhaps thankful for the quiet haven it afforded her from the jealous affection of her lord and master, and possibly hoping to end her days there. Fate, however, maliciously stepped in, and revealed the ring hidden in a thieving magpie's nest. The husband, convinced at last of his wife's innocence, pardoned her in a truly regal manner and took her home again. In commemoration the Count had this sleigh built to resemble a magpie, that she might when she pleased re-visit the sisters. It will be noticed that the bird holds the missing ring in his beak. The Countess, feeling probably that some similar accident might occur to again rouse the easily-excited, jealous temper of her husband, determined to found another convent in readiness nearer home, which she did at Fishengen, on the slopes of the Hörnli. The panel on the front of the sleigh (which certainly offers a very cramped looking seat) bears on the one side a painting of the convent, on the other, the castle and village.

The very handsomely carved and gilded sleigh decorated with a prancing horse, belonged to the French Legation at Baden in 1800, and was probably made for the French Minister to the Grand Ducal Court of Baden. The times were very troubled when this sleigh skimmed over the frozen roads. The star of Napoleon was rising fast, he was daily increasing in power, watched uneasily by the various rulers of Europe, and it was therefore probably a very proud if somewhat anxious Minister that took his winter rides in this chariot.

The sleigh portrayed above, with its two curious-looking figures, evidently belonged either to a family of musicians, or to people very fond of music, for they have decorated their carriage with both a bag-piper and a trumpeter. The kneeling figure is a very quaint representative of a postillion of the time and the country. The dog between his knees was most likely the family crest. The trumpeter's cheeks are fully distended with the effort of blowing, and he looks up at the uncomfortably perched bag-piper as though challenging him to friendly rivalry.

The last sleigh we shall mention belonged to an old farmer of Winterthur. At the beginning of the eighteenth century he was burgomaster of that industrious and wealthy town, and loved to drive about its streets in this uncommon carriage. He was famous for a breed of cattle, and so proud of it that he had this carriage made to remind everyone who saw it of his celebrated oxen.



This handsome sleigh probably belonged to some noble Swiss family, and took the form of its owner's crest.

All these curious souvenirs are treasured in the National Museum of Zurich, and it is through the kindness of the Director, Herr Angst, that we can present our readers with the photographs.

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OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.

Tired of play.

The Bridge of Sighs, Venice.

Axmouth, Devon.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2S., *post free.*

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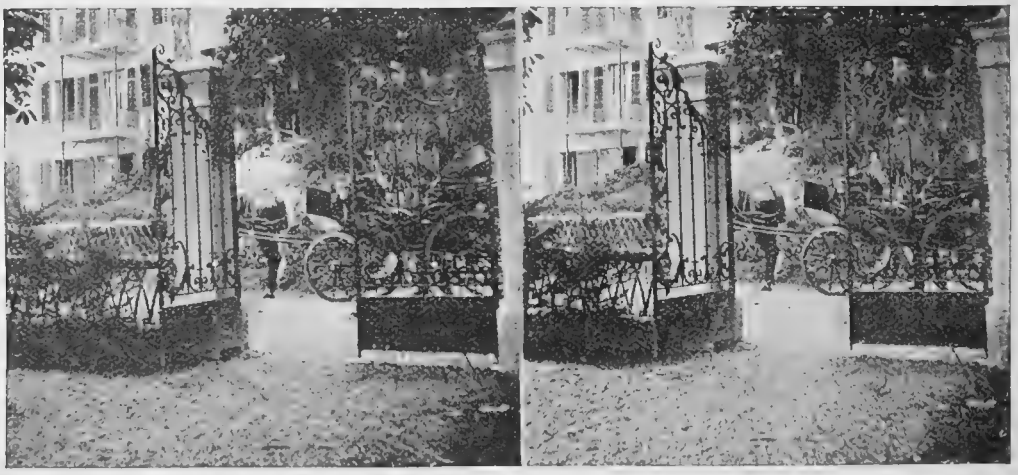
A Golfing Party.



The Poly Chalet, Scebourg.

Washing-day.

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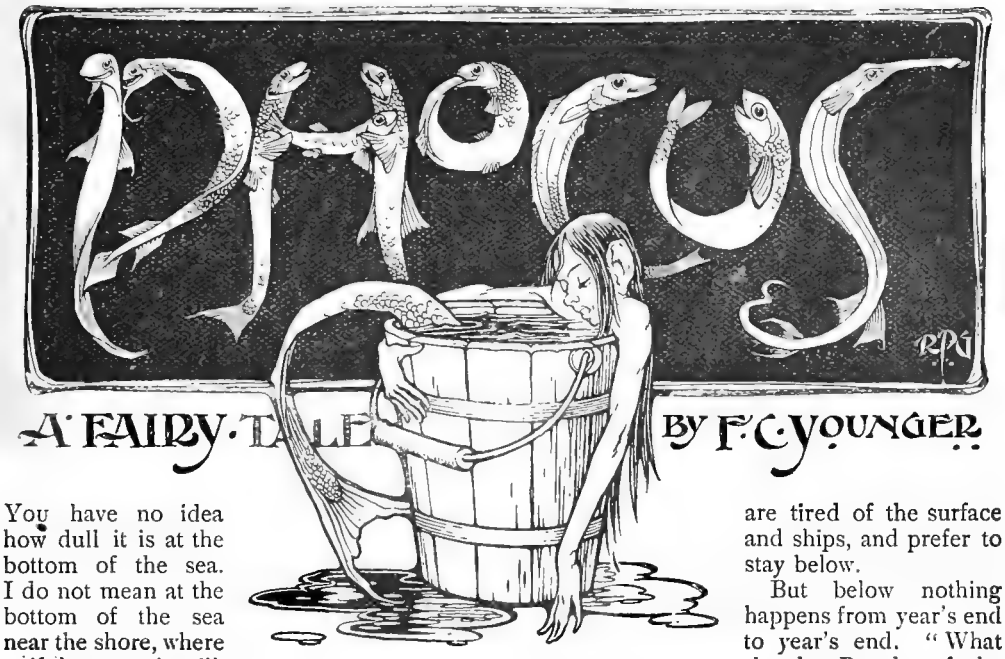

A FAIRY-TALE

BY F. C. YOUNGER

You have no idea how dull it is at the bottom of the sea. I do not mean at the bottom of the sea near the shore, where—if the water is still, and the day bright—you can see the jelly-fish many feet below the surface, and where the Mermen and Mermaidens can come up whenever they feel inclined (which is not often) to watch the ships go by, and the light-houses light up; but down at the bottom of the deepest sea. There it is always a dull green twilight, and nothing happens from year's end to year's end. The great rollers boom and crash far overhead, but they are such a long way off that their noise never sounds louder than a gentle murmur. Sometimes, too, wrecked ships sink slowly down into the depths; but this happens seldom, and yet has happened so many times in the centuries that the People of the Deep Sea live, that the novelty has quite worn off. The Mermen and Mermaidens of the deepest sea get terribly bored.

"There is nothing new under the sea," they say, "and even if we go to the surface, which is a long and tiring journey, there is nothing to see but ships. And nowadays the very sight of them makes us angry; for, though there are a hundred where there used to be but one, the men that build them have grown so wise, that the Sea seldom gets its due. We will stay below."

And this is the reason why no one now sees Mermen and Mermaidens in the Deep Seas. It is not because there are no such things, as some people say, but because they are tired of the surface and ships, and prefer to stay below.

But below nothing happens from year's end to year's end. "What do the People of the Land do all day?" the People of the Sea asked Phocus, a little shrivelled Merman whose hair had long grown green (which is a sign of age under the sea).

Phocus was the most experienced of all the People of the Deep Sea. Years before, when he was young and rash, he had ventured too near the shore, and got caught in a trawling net. Of course, he was not good to eat, as the fishermen who drew him up well knew, but they were delighted to get hold of him all the same. For many weeks he spent a weary time, gasping all day on a hand-barrow, which the fisherman wheeled about the seaside town in which they lived. Crowds of people came to stare at this queer curiosity, and to giggle, and make remarks on him, and sometimes drop a penny into the bag his captors handed round. At night he lay in a bucket of salt water under the hand-cart in a back-yard, and longed for the deep sea. At last one happy day he managed to flop off the hand-cart as it was being wheeled along the esplanade at high tide into the water, and made all speed home.

He had had too sharp a lesson to be caught twice. Still he had spent two months among the People of the Land, and that was more than any other of the Sea-Folk had done. He took care not to tell his friends how miserable he had been, but did not forget to tell them how crowds had come to

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Crowds of people came to stare at this queer curiosity.

gaze at him, and what queer things he had seen the People of the Land do. He had been a nine days' wonder at the bottom of the sea, until they had heard all his stories several times. Then they grew tired of them, as they had grown of everything else.

But now, when Aglaia, a little sea-woman with long brown hair that floated up in the water above her head, asked him what the People of the Land did all day long, the other Sea-folk turned on the beds of seaweed on which they lay yawning, and peered over the rocks to hear his answer.

"They eat and drink," said Phocus, "and talk."

"So do we," said Peleus, Aglaia's husband languidly. "At least, we don't drink, and we only eat to amuse ourselves, not because we cannot live without food like the People of the Land. What else do they do, and how do they pass the long hours?"

"They work to make things," said Phocus.

"What sort of things?" asked Coclea, a pert little Mermaid.

"Things to eat, and clothes, and houses," said Phocus.

"What do they do when they get bored?" asked Aglaia.

"Talk about the Weather," said Phocus.

"What *is* Weather?" asked Peleus; "I never heard of it."

For you must know that there is no Weather at all at the bottom of the Deep Sea, and that is the real reason why the People of the Land cannot live when they get there. Moreover, since the People of the Deep Sea have given up coming to the surface they have quite forgotten what Weather is like.

"Weather is rain," said Phocus, "and storms, and sunshine and mist, and . . . all that sort of thing you know."

"All *what* sort of thing?" asked Aglaia. "You haven't explained a bit. We don't know in the least what you mean by rain, and sunshine, and mist."

"Well, I can't explain any more!" said Phocus crossly. "To know what Weather is, you must feel it; it's a thing you can't explain."

"Look here!" said Peleus suddenly. "I've an idea!"

This statement created a great sensation, for ideas are as rare as tomatoes at the bottom of the sea. Everyone crowded round Peleus to hear it. He cleared his throat, and looked very important.

"Suppose," he said slowly, "as Phocus can't explain Weather, he fetches some of it, and lets us feel it."

It was a brilliant idea, so brilliant that at first all the People of the Sea were dazzled by it, and could only gasp open-mouthed at Peleus. But when they got their breath again they were loud in their expressions of delight. It was just the thing—something that had never been known under the sea before! They felt they could not exist another day without Weather. They must have it at any price, and Phocus, of course, must get it for them. The only person who was not enthusiastic about the new idea was Phocus himself.

"You won't like it at all," he said, "when

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you do get it; and you get on very well without it."

"You say that because you're lazy," said Coclea severely; "and don't want the trouble of fetching it."

"Why should I fetch it?" asked Phocus. "Your tails are all younger than mine."

"Why, you are the only one of us who knows what it is," said Peleus. "The rest of us wouldn't know it if we saw it."

This was quite true. Even Phocus himself saw that if the People of the Sea were to have Weather at all, he was the only man who could get it for them. So he agreed with a sigh, and sat down to think of a way to get it. He thought and thought for six days without stopping, and yet he could not think of what he wanted. Perhaps he would be thinking still, and the people of the Deep Sea would still be waiting for their Weather, if an aged shark who had travelled everywhere had not heard of his difficulty, and offered to tell him where Weather was made and how to get there. Of course Phocus was only too glad of this help, though he was not pleased when he heard that the Weather Factory was ten day's journey from the edge of the sea. Still one must take a little trouble when one wants a thing badly, as all the other People of the Sea took care to tell him.

So he started.

The shark's directions were not very clear and he lost his way more than once. Besides, out of water a Merman finds it very hard to travel, because he has no legs to walk with, and so can only flop himself along slowly. Altogether it took Phocus quite three weeks to reach the Weather Factory.

When at last he did get there, he was so dry (from having been out of the water for a fortnight) and so husky that the porter could hardly understand what he wanted. When he discovered it, however, he handed Phocus over to a Junior Clerk of the Weather, who took him into the sample-room where tubs of all kinds of weather stood round the walls on long shelves, and one could pick out any sort one wanted. But the great difficulty was that Phocus did not exactly know what kind he wanted.

"Take an assorted variety," suggested the Junior Clerk.

"I don't know that sort," objected Phocus, "I'd rather take something I did, such as hail-storms, or fogs." The clerk grinned.

"Take a little of everything, I mean," he

"Why should I fetch it?" asked Phocus. "Your tails are younger than mine."

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exclaimed. "A little rain, a little hail, a little sunshine and so on."

"Why didn't you say so at first," snapped Phocus angrily, for even a green-haired seaman does not like to appear ridiculous.

However, he decided to take the Junior Clerk's advice, and the next thing was to choose the different kinds of Weather he would take. After a great deal of talking he fixed on a small barrel of sunshine, another of rain, one of hail, one of snow, one of East wind, a thunder-storm, and a fog.

All the little barrels were packed in one large barrel, and labelled "Weather Uncertain," which is the way the Weather is usually sent to the English Weather office. Phocus was puzzled to find a way to get the barrel to the bottom of the sea. The Junior Clerk, however, offered to send messengers with it to the top, and assured Phocus it would find the rest of the way quite easily by itself (and how easy a way it is to find, you will soon discover when you first try to learn to swim). He was quite right: indeed, the big barrel went so quickly from the top to the bottom of the sea that it got there a whole day before Phocus did.

This was rather unfortunate, as the People of the Sea were so curious to see what Weather was like, that they opened the big barrel and three of the little ones in it before Phocus arrived to explain to them their proper uses.

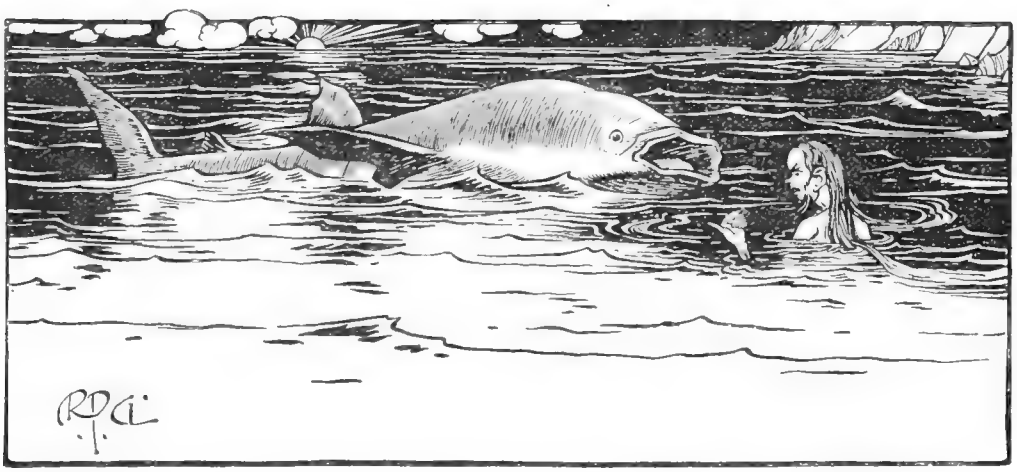
The first they opened was the barrel of Sunshine, the contents of which were so light that they rose to the surface at once, in spite of the Sea-folk's efforts to catch them again. So the People of the Deep Sea do not yet know what Sunshine is.

The second barrel they opened contained the hail-storm. It frightened them very much, and I can assure you that a hail-storm at the bottom of the sea is no joke at all, but quite the reverse. But when it was all over, and the Sea-folk had crawled out trembling from the rocks under which they had hidden, the little sea-boys discovered that the hail-stones (which for some reason did not melt as they do on land) made much better marbles than the dried crab's eyes they generally used for that purpose, and so they were very happy for a time.

But when Phocus reached the bottom of the Sea, he found that most of the people were not happy at all. They had opened the Thunderstorm barrel. Now each separate peal of thunder in it was wrapped in lightning, and packed in neatly; and they looked so much like toffee (for the People of the Sea mistook the lightning for silver paper) that everyone felt sure they were good to eat. They ate it accordingly and quickly found out their mistake; for the thunder gave them the most terrible stomach-aches that have ever been felt, and as stomach-aches are unknown under the sea, they were frightened almost out of their wits.

"We have felt Weather now," they said to Phocus, "and we quite understand it, but we don't like it at all."

"Nonsense!" cried Phocus, who was very cross because three of his best Weather specimens had been wasted. "You don't take it the right way. Let *me* show you!"



The people of the Deep Sea would still be waiting for their Weather if an aged shark . . had not offered to tell Phocu . . . . where to get it.

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The clerk grinned.

But the People of the Sea had had quite enough of Weather for the present. They made Phocus wait a whole fortnight (by which time they had got rid of their stomach-aches) before they would allow him to open another barrel.

This time they chose the Rain-barrel, and the better to show them what a wet day was like in the land-world, Phocus fixed it at the top of a tall cliff and drew the bung out. The People of the Sea sat below expecting to enjoy themselves immensely. But they were very disappointed. Half-an-hour later, when Phocus went down to see what they thought of it, he found them all grumbling and shivering much to his astonishment.

"What is it?" they all asked at once. "It makes us feel so funny. What does this rain do to us?"

"Well," said Phocus doubtfully. "It makes you wet, of course, but—"

"That's it!" cried Aglaia. "It makes us wet! We never were wet before. How uncomfortable it is!"

Phocus laughed.

"Never wet before!" he cried. "Why the People of the Land say they get wet by going in the sea, so *we* must be wet all the time."

by Google

Every Mermaid and Merman was going about with an umbrella.

"What nonsense!" cried Coclea. "We've lived in the sea all our lives, and we've never felt wet till this Rain came. And I can tell you, we don't like it at all now we do feel it. Tell us what the People of the Land do to avoid getting wet."

"They go into their houses," said Phocus.

"Well, we can't do that," said Peleus, "because we have no houses to go into; we're not crabs. Don't they do anything else?"

"Yes, I know!" cried Phocus. "They put up umbrellas!"

"Put up *what?*" asked all the People of the Sea together.

"Umbrellas!" shouted Phocus, "silk covers on frames, you know. They hold them over their heads at the end of sticks and they keep the rain off."

"Make us one to show us what they are like," said the People of the Sea.

Phocus hesitated. It was very undignified for the Manager of the Weather under the Sea to turn umbrella-maker. But his friends were very pressing, and half hinted in answer to his objections that he didn't know how to make an umbrella, and was trying to excuse himself. After that he felt he must make one if only to show them that he could; so he set to work. Fortunately he had plenty of materials ready to hand, for you can get whale-bone from dead whales for the frames (or even from live ones, though it is a little risky to try), and there are plenty of wide green and purple weeds under the sea to cover them with, and, as for handles, what could be better than the backbones of dolphins or sharks? At any rate, the people of the Sea were delighted with the umbrella Phocus managed to fashion out of these materials. They are handy people, although they seldom trouble to make anything, and they set to work to copy it, and succeeded so well that soon every Merman and Mermaid for miles around was going about with an umbrella over his or her head, and feeling very conceited about it.

"Don't they keep off the rain beautifully?" cried Aglaia, delighted.

"They would, if there were any rain to keep off," said Peleus discontentedly; "but the barrel was empty long ago."

"Then tell Phocus to turn on some more," cried Coclea.

But unfortunately this was just what Phocus could not do, as he had no more rain to turn on. The People of the Sea, who (as you will have seen by this time) are sometimes unreasonable and a little exacting, were quite cross.

"What is the use of umbrellas when there is no rain to keep off?" they asked Phocus angrily.

"I will turn on some snow," said Phocus. "It is almost as good as rain."

The People of the Sea were delighted with the snow. It looked, they declared, like flocks of tiny white birds. They all lowered their umbrellas to watch it descend, until it reached their faces, when they discovered

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it was very cold and wet. Up went their umbrellas again, and they shrieked with pleasure when they saw that the snow-flakes lit on their seaweed covers and could go no further. But even the snow-storm could not last for ever, and as for their umbrellas, the People of the Sea soon grew tired of them.

"One might as well be an oyster at once as to live always under these things," they said as they tossed them aside.

Now Phocus was a very clever Merman, but he had not made his umbrellas to shut up; so when the People of the Sea loosed their hold on them, the umbrellas floated up to the surface of the sea and sailed off in different directions. Many of them went to pieces, one or two were broken up by the screw of a passing steamer, and two more were fished up by a learned professor on board of her, who declared they were a new kind of nautilus, and gave them several long Latin names, and examined them under a microscope, and finally wrote a pamphlet on them, and presented them to the museum of the first large town he came to. But if ever you come across them, you will know directly that they are not a kind of nautilus at all, but merely the umbrellas Phocus made to keep the People of the Sea dry.

The People of the Deep Sea had used up all their weather but the Fog and the East Wind. They were very curious to see what

He caught hold of a cloud that was sailing close to his head, and swung himself on to it.

these were like, as Phocus assured them they were quite different to anything they had felt yet. They decided to try the East Wind first. It had been summer time when Phocus had spent his memorable two months on land, and extraordinary fine weather, so he knew very little about the East Wind, or he would never have sat on the barrel when he uncorked it. But if he knew next to nothing of it before he soon learnt; for the East Wind had been shut up so long that it had had time to ferment. Consequently when Phocus drew out the bung, it burst out of the barrel with a loud report, and rushed to the surface of the sea carrying Phocus and a big column of water with it. Even there it did not stop, but blew the water many yards straight up into the air with poor Phocus still sitting on the top.

Meanwhile Phocus found that sitting on a waterspout was very uncomfortable. He would not have minded sitting on water alone, for he

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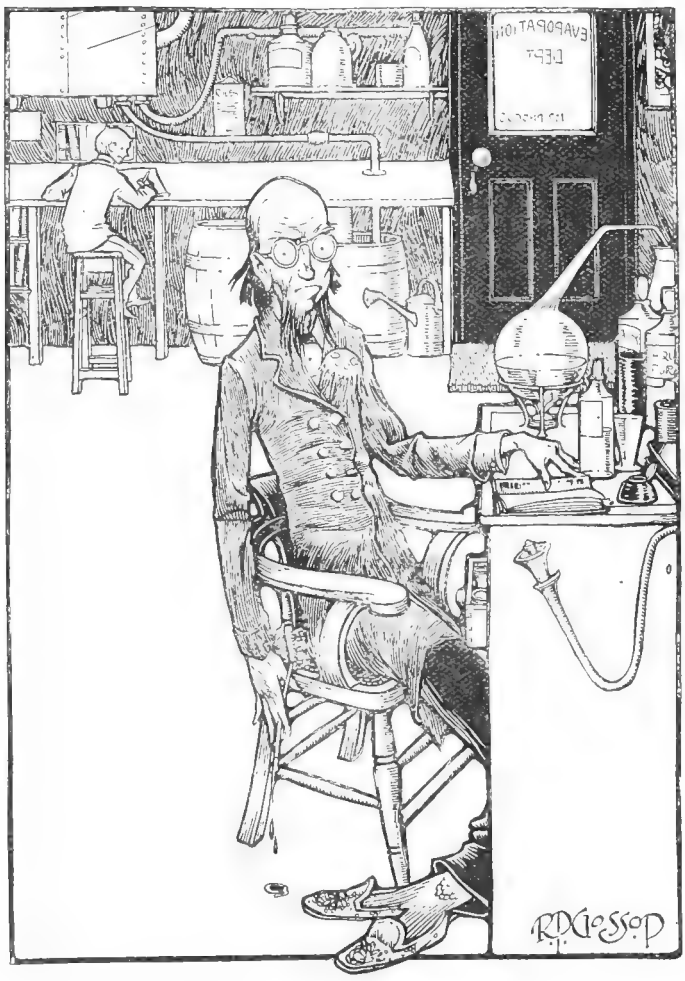

We may feel sure that he manages the Evaporation Department a great deal better than he did the Weather under the sea.

was a Seaman, and so had been used to that as long as he could remember; but sitting on water mixed with East Wind was quite a different thing. Besides, when he tried to imagine what would happen when the East Wind subsided and the water-spout sank, he was very unhappy. It was a very long way to fall from where he was to the bottom of the sea, and even if he reached it in safety, he doubted whether the Sea-folk would receive him kindly. They were sure to be angry about the East Wind, and they were sure to say it was all his fault.

On the whole, Phocus felt he would rather stop where he was; and as he was certain he would not do so long, if he continued sitting on the water-spout, he caught hold of a cloud that was sailing close to his head, and swung himself on to it. As good luck would have it, a little errand-boy was returning on this cloud to the Weather Factory from Greenwich, where he had been delivering a ten days' supply of Mixed Weather. Phocus told him his story, and the errand-boy took him to the Weather Factory, and introduced him to the Head Clerk. The Head Clerk took a great fancy to Phocus. He said he was a man of enterprise, he had never heard of anyone taking Weather to the bottom of the sea before. He took him into the Weather Factory, and made him Manager of the Evaporation Department, the business of which is to draw up water from the sea to make rain, hail, and snow from. Phocus had certainly fallen on his feet, if one may use such an expression about a Merman; and from the quantity and quality of the rain, hail, and snow he has supplied us with during the last year or two, we may feel sure he manages the Evaporation Department a great deal better than he did the Weather under the sea.

As for Aglaia, Peleus, Coclea, and all the other People of the Deep Sea, they had been terribly frightened by the East Wind. When they had recovered a little from their fright, they agreed that they had had quite enough of Weather, and if the People of the Land could not do without it, the People of the Deep Sea could and would do so for ever.

This resolution was a very wise one, especially as they had no one (now Phocus had gone) who could get them any more. They buried the barrel of fog, which they were afraid to use, in the sand, and there, no doubt, it is still.

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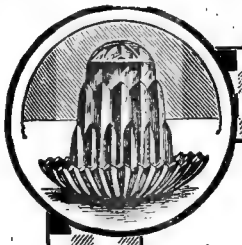

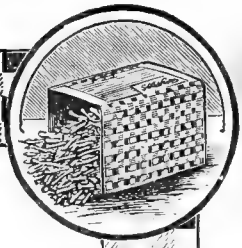

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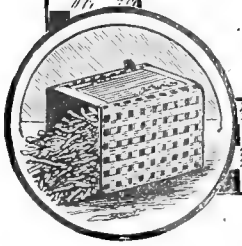

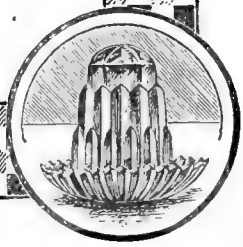

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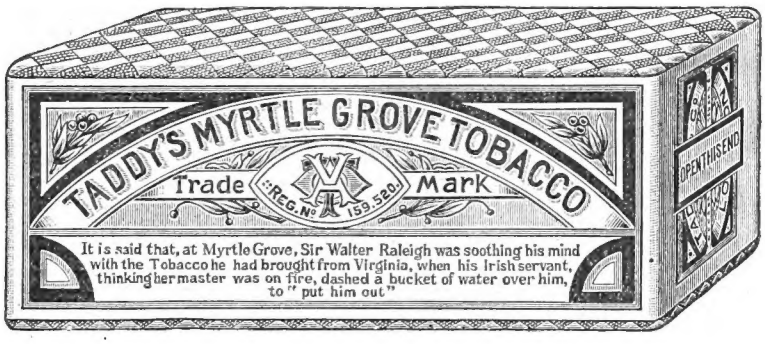
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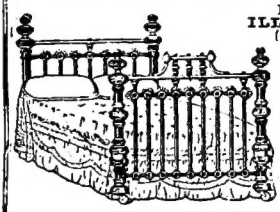

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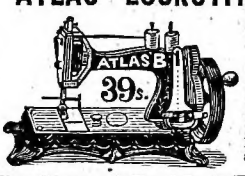

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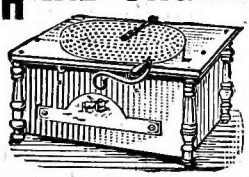

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